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McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. II.

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VOL. II.

MONTREAL, MARCH 19, 1900.

No. 25

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The MCGILL OUTLOOK is published weekly by the students of McGill University.

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Editorial.

WITH this issue, which we hope may find acceptance at our readers' hands, the OUTLOOK passes from the control of the present Editorial and Business Boards. Though it is a relief to turn from the difficulties, the disappointments and the discouragements invariably associated with College Journalism, it is not without regret that we sever our connection with the OUTLOOK. For the present, the here and the now, of every College institution is, in most cases, wedded to a delightful past, and rare is the student who can find it in his heart to break, without a sigh, the bonds of union. Though our work during the present session has been extremely heavy, especially for seniors approaching graduation, it has been on the whole pleasant; it has been interesting and profitable, and we are richer in experience, even if that experience has been purchased, to a certain extent, at the expense of our faith in human nature. It is not for us to sit in judgment on our work; we have endeavored to prove ourselves worthy of the confidence placed in us by our fellow-students a year ago; to do,

as well as we could, the work which has fallen within our sphere; to make the OUTLOOK representative of the student body, and worthy of the Institution whose name it bears. We are conscious that no one ever attains his ideal, and the retiring Boards feel that they have come far short of the ideals they had six months ago concerning the conduct of a student paper. We have seen our attempts to reach our ideals fail, not through any negligence or shirking of duty on our part, but owing to the poor support given us by the student body, for like other McGill organizations, the OUTLOOK has suffered from an absence of a feeling of individual responsibility on the part of the Undergraduates.

Through the excellent work of the Business Managers we have been able to illustrate several numbers and yet leave the paper free from debt, but had the five hundred students who refused to support *their* paper contributed their small share towards its maintenance, more could certainly have been accomplished, and our subscribers would have received greater value for their money. To those who have helped us

financially we are deeply indebted, although in a few cases subscriptions have been forced upon students as one forces medicine upon a sick child. It has been at times extremely difficult to secure contributions to our columns; a Board of editors cannot be expected to issue a literary magazine week after week without any help from the undergraduates, and the financial problem is not the only one we have had to face. The work on the OUTLOOK is done by students who sacrifice their time for that purpose, who receive scanty support, no emolument and no little criticism, and who, if every number is not up to the highest standard receive undue and hasty censure. We have been criticised disparagingly by those who had no desire to help us in any way; we have been looked upon as salaried reporters who should attend every Class and Society meeting, every Class and University athletic contest, and if such were not reported in our columns by the regular reporters appointed for the purpose, we have been held personally responsible and condemned accordingly. Class reports have, at times, been considered too personal, and those who have felt the reporter's lash have vented their wrath in indignant protests to the editors. Such criticisms have been the only contributions from certain subscribers and non-subscribers who have been quick to censure but slow to praise. These are some of the roses that have strewn our pathway.

In our editorial columns and in the proper department we have endeavored to keep the University athletic questions prominently—too prominently it has been said—before the student mind, for these organizations have been sadly in need of support. We do not wish to dictate to our successors, but we would impress upon them the necessity of appointing one of their number to devote all his time to this department, as no other organizations require such hearty co-operation.

We are grateful for the kindly advice and many words of encouragement received from so many professors and students. Their expressions of interest have often helped to lighten an otherwise weary burden; they have made it easier to submit to the adverse criticism that has frequently been heaped upon us, and their kind words will not soon be forgotten.

We sincerely trust that our successors may meet with even greater encouragement than we have received, and that the OUTLOOK may continue to prosper under their management. We look forward to the time when the OUTLOOK will be looked upon by the student body as a necessity, and as essential to the College as any athletic organization; when the editors shall succeed in making it a truly representative McGill paper for professors, graduates and students; when they shall hold themselves as guides of College policy in all College institutions; and when work on the paper in itself may be considered as part of an education.

With feelings of heartfelt gratitude to those who have helped us in any way, and with best wishes for the continued success of the OUTLOOK under the control of our successors, we vacate the editorial chair.

ON Monday last the visit of the Strathcona Horse to Montreal was celebrated by the students. A joint procession was formed consisting of students from McGill and Bishop's College, Laval having declined to take part in the demonstration. The procession, occurring at so late a date in the session, was quite creditable to the University in point of numbers. Over six hundred students marched; their banners, flags and fantastic decorations formed a unique feature of the parade, and were greeted with applause along the whole line of march. The students should feel proud of the reception which they received from the people who watched the procession. In every quarter of the city—French and English—the appearance of the McGill banners was the signal for an outburst of applause. As the procession passed Laval University and as cheer upon cheer arose from the students of both institutions, it was evident that the boys had thrown aside their suspicions of one another, and that the strained relations had been made good again. Altogether the reception given to the students was most flattering. We have always tried to avoid creating any ill-feeling between "town and gown," and we are pleased to observe that the recent disturbances have not in any degree thwarted our endeavours. The demonstration clearly proved that McGill is as popular as ever

among the people of Montreal, and the good behaviour of our boys, especially in the neighborhood of Laval University, showed that the fears expressed by the students of the latter institution as to a further outbreak of hostilities were completely unfounded.

WITH this last issue of the OUTLOOK it is not inappropriate to make mention again of the short and uneventful life of that well-known McGill scheme "The McGill University battalion." No one expected that the idea would take any definite shape this year, but at least it was hoped that the whole discussion would not be as completely and utterly dropped as it has been in the past couple of months. Will it ever come to anything? With no decision and method among the men themselves, how can they expect support from anything so unstable as the political powers.

Altogether the man with militia enthusiasm at McGill has reason for strong feelings of disappointment, for the McGill corps is as far away, if not further away, from hopes of realization as ever.

THE Annual—"Old McGill," vol. four—appears just as we go to press. We regret that in the limited space at our disposal we are unable to give an extensive review of such an excellent production. In many respects it surpasses former volumes, and the expectations entertained regarding it have been amply realized. It consists of two hundred and ten pages, the paper used being of the very best quality, neatly bound in cloth, with gold lettering. It contains, as usual, engravings of the individual members of the Junior Years; these are arranged in alphabetical order and classified according to Faculties. It also contains engravings of Hon. James McGill, Sir William Dawson and several professors, as well as "groups" of the Senior, Sophomore and Freshman Years; the various athletic teams, the different College societies, etc. Engravings of the College buildings also appear. The drawings are original to a marked degree, the "Donaldas' class yell" and "Fraternities" being particularly good. Prof. Penhallow, Dr. Colby and Mr.

Gould contribute articles on "Sir William Dawson," "The College Paper" and "The Library," all of which require no eulogy on our part. The Class Histories are interesting and well written, the "roasts" pointed, while the last twenty pages of the volume contain a veritable "beanfeast of poetry" which cannot fail to amuse even the most fastidious.

We notice, however, an absence of engravings of our Chancellor and our Principal. Articles on the various societies and athletic organizations are also wanting. The latter would certainly be interesting to those outside the College, as they would give a greater insight into College life at McGill, and would make the Annual more representative of the University.

Altogether "Old McGill" is a publication worthy of the name it bears and deserving of hearty support. The Editorial and Business Boards are to be congratulated on its general tone and appearance, and are deserving of no little praise for their untiring efforts to make it a success. Every student should secure a copy as soon as possible.

WE publish to-day engravings of four of our boys who left on Monday last for the Transvaal. Mr. Meredith Percy, whose portrait appeared in a recent issue, left on the same day, these last making the number of McGill men, in the Canadian Regiments in active service reach a total of about twenty-five.

Mr. A. S. McCormick, who left Monday, has for two successive sessions acted as one of the Business Managers of the OUTLOOK, being this session assistant Manager. Few know the vast amount of work—thankless work—he has done in connection with the College Journal, and to what extent we of the Editorial Board are indebted to him for his kind and willing assistance in all matters when assistance was required. He was ever ready to sacrifice his time and to do all in his power to help in making the OUTLOOK a success—a weary task in itself—and if he is as faithful to his duty in South Africa as he has been to all College institutions, McGill will never have cause to be ashamed of her son.

Correspondence.

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING.

To the Editor of MCGILL OUTLOOK.

DEAR SIR,—

At the Annual General Meeting of the Athletic Association one of the principal matters brought up for discussion was the advisability of adopting cross country running as a part of our regular athletic programme. With so many students attending McGill from Upper Canada, Port Hope and Lennoxville, where cross country running is one of their regular sports, I cannot understand why a McGill University harrier club has not already become an established institution.

Cross country running is—in the opinion of a great many good judges—the healthiest of all outdoor sports, and one of the very best methods of getting in condition for football, track running and general athletics, and, as such, has become very popular in all the leading English and American Universities.

It is contended, and with very good reason, that we have not sufficient time to devote to the sports we have already adopted without introducing new ones, but, if this could not be remedied in any other way, there is no reason why we should not adopt the system that has been so successfully followed by all the large city harrier clubs in England, namely, the evening road runs of from six to ten miles, and one Saturday afternoon cross country run per week.

The popularity of these evening runs may be gathered from the fact that I have seen as many as 60 men in one “pack” cover up to 12 miles on a quiet suburban road and enjoy themselves just as well as in daylight, the pace being made by a pace-maker at such a speed that the slowest man in the “pack” finished fairly fresh.

To encourage distance running and sprinting, they have at the end of their evening runs a “run in” of from one hundred yards to one mile, and at the end of the season the man winning the majority of points in these competitions is awarded a medal. In this way some of the best sprinters and distance runners have been brought out.

For the Saturday afternoon runs a man is sent out in the middle of the week to pick out a track over a fairly difficult piece of country, starting and finishing at one point, that point being a good farmhouse or hotel where the runners can change clothes, and if possible get a bath. As a general rule the man who picks the country acts as pacemaker on the following Saturday; in this way good runs without the risk of getting lost are insured.

The old hare and hounds system has been found by experience to be practically useless as a means of training for fast cross country steeplechasing, and has been discarded by the larger clubs. The pace-

maker now takes the hare's place, the only difference being that he keeps with his “pack” instead of getting so many minutes start.

If, instead of some of the so-called athletic events at present on our programme, there were substituted two good steeplechasing events of say 1,000 yards and three miles, I think we would find that cross country running would be one of the most popular sports in the University.

And in conclusion I may say that it would be very difficult to find a city better situated than ours for both country and road running. The climate is a little against us, but starting on the first of September we could get in ten weeks' good sport; we would also receive the blessings of our football captain and manager for getting his men in condition before the season opens, and would probably secure a couple of good distance runners who are badly needed for next year's Intercollegiate sports.

Yours, etc.,
G.

THEATRE NIGHT.

To the Editor of the OUTLOOK:—

The communication in the last issue of the OUTLOOK in regard to Theatre Night is one that should receive careful attention at the hands of the next Committee. The fact cannot be denied that the last two performances have not been of such a character as would tend to increase the popularity of Theatre Night, but, as experience has already shown, quite the reverse. There seems to be no good reason why a successful evening's programme could not be arranged by the students, judging by the recent performance of the Dramatic Club. Such a programme would undoubtedly be popular with the public, and the students themselves, feeling that they had a personal interest in the success of the entertainment, would be more inclined to support it as a whole. The aim should be to make the evening entirely a McGill one, and we certainly have the necessary talent in the College.

In order to ensure the success of such a scheme it would probably be necessary to have Theatre Night later in the session, as there would hardly be time to prepare for an entertainment as suggested in the few weeks between the opening of College and Sport's Day. The principal objection that has been urged against this is the fact that the presentation of prizes usually takes place at the theatre, but why not have this presentation directly after the sports?

It is to be hoped that the matter will be carefully considered by the Committee, and that something definite will be done before the close of the present session.

Thanking you Mr. Editor, I am,
Yours very truly,
H. D.

Contributions.

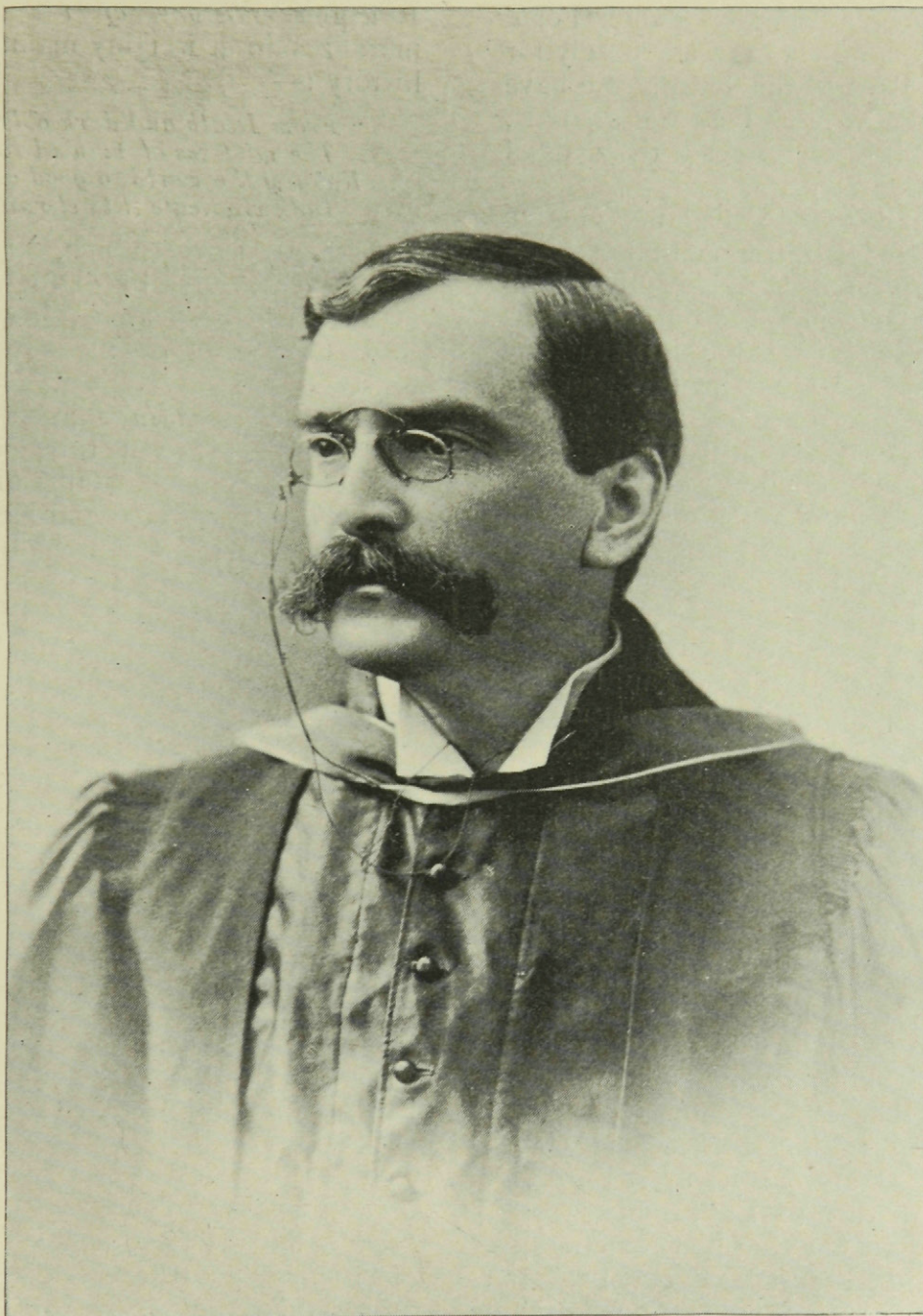
FAME.

Fame is a high-sounding word, which has led many astray. It is, says Milton, "that last infirmity of noble mind;" but whether it be so, or the first health, many seem to doubt. It is one of those passions which seem very pure and very noble at first, but it has led many great men into deplorable crimes, and has caused more widows' tears and orphans'

as much fame as the other. Jack Sheppard lives in story, while many a noble, virtuous man and woman, many a saint once on earth, and now a saint in Heaven, is unknown and unheard of.

Fame is represented as a woman, flying on the wings of the wind, and carrying her own trumpet, and she is capricious in her favours.

*"The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who raised it."*



WILLIAM PETERSON, M. A., L.L.D.,
Principal of McGill University.

cries than almost any other. Some persons fancy that a love of Fame (Young's "*Universal Passion*" by the way) should be classed among the crimes or sins of humanity; but this, as in everything else in this world, has its two sides. We envy a man who has a fair and an unstained fame, a man of good report; and if we could, like the Athenians of old, we should probably ostracize him; but we pity him of whom Fame speaks evil, and yet one is

So it is—we know the name of him who set fire to the wonder of the world,—the Temple of Ephesus; the names of its builders have escaped. So again fame is very forgetful. We know not whether we call the Pyramids by their right names. "Doting in their antiquity," says Fuller in his quaint way, "they have forgotten the names of their owners." "Was Cheops or Cyphrenes architect of either pyramid that bears his name?" asks a poet, with

mocking satire. Who knows? We look at a history, and it tells us so-and-so; but soon there comes a man who will re-write that story, and make it very plain to all of us that we have hitherto known nothing correctly.

Horace Walpole re-wrote the history of Richard the Third, and truly the king seems to have been one of the most skillful monarchs we ever had, and certainly as good as nine out of ten of them. William Longman re-wrote the history of Edward the Third. He brought few new lights, but he has enabled us to understand how the few despised English conquered at Cressy, simply by being better armed, and having more efficient weapons than their opponents, although the latter were ten to one. Fame has blown her trumpet loudly and often falsely for Richard the Third and Edward the Third. We have a notion that when we know more than we do now, some of our heroes will be but images with heads of gold (or brass) and feet of clay.

Will any historian tell us why Colonel George Washington was unfaithful to his regimental oath, for he was a soldier on the King's side, and turning against him, wrested half a continent from the British—a British soldier himself? When the north and south fought, one kind of fame made Stonewall Jackson a hero, another a wretched "Reb"; and our American cousins did not seem to consider the President of the Southern Republic, who acted far less deceptively with them than Washington did with us, by any means a hero. Was Lafayette a hero, who fought against England and brought revolution into France.

How about Cromwell? Is he "damned to everlasting fame," or is he the real Puritan King of Men,—the purest, best, wisest, most prayerful and truly loyal man in the whole range of history? Choose your sides, gentlemen and ladies; or, if you desire another point, settle that little difficulty about Mary the Queen, and the Queen's Maries. Read John Knox and the ballads of the time (there are some pretty ones in Scott's *Minstrelsy*); read the evidence about the murder of Darnley; take Mr. Froude and the State papers as evidence; and a more subtle plotter, cruel, shifty and worse woman could hardly have lived. The very coins struck in France (you may see them in Paris or in the British Museum), will prove that she laid claim to Elizabeth's dominion, but in reading Miss Strickland we find another kind of Mary, made up of beauty, chastity, tenderness and misfortune. Sir Walter Scott paints this lady almost as a persecuted saint, and talks about the "murderess Elizabeth;" but Walsingham, Elizabeth's prime minister, who, shut in his house, saw the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the slaughtered Protestants lying in their blood under his window, had another tale to tell. Let us look to more recent times. At one time no man was more hated than the Duke of Wellington; but Death drew aside the veil, and showed us the true hero; now no man is more loved. "*Whatever record leap to light he never shall be shamed,*" says Tennyson. Can we say the same of many other generals? The will of Napoleon proved that he pensioned the would-be assassin of his great rival, and proved that to be truth, which, when Wellington said it, was put

down for mere spite. "Ah," said the Duke, shaking his head, "Napoleon was a great general, but he was sometimes a very little man."

The universal love of fame may be proved by a simple fact; the word having a general meaning, either good or bad, has been universally accepted as good. Chatterton, the poet, wished to be painted as an angel blowing a trumpet, with his own name on it. "What shall I do, to be for ever known?" asks Schiller, and the question, which he turns to a pretty moral in his verses, instantly attracts everybody. But fame,—*Φημη* (report) is, as we have said, either good or bad. Ben Jonson wrote some admirable verses prefixed to Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, in which he moralizes in a weighty manner on the province of history:—

"From Death and dark oblivion, nigh the same,
The mistress of man's life, grave Historie,
Raising the world to good or evil fame,
Doth vindicate it to eternitie,"

and there, sure enough, are two figures on the frontispiece, cut by Droeshout, the same who engraved Shakespeare's portrait, both with trumpets. That on the right side is in pure and silver robes, and she is Good Report, *Fama bona*; while Evil Report, *Fama mala*, stands puffing away with distended cheeks, in a robe covered with black and dishonourable spots, stains on the purity of Fame, marks to be shunned and hated; and yet there are fools who would rather have a bad fame or none.

Chaucer, following Virgil, has depicted the house of fame, with the many tongues; and, says Churchill, describing the personification:—

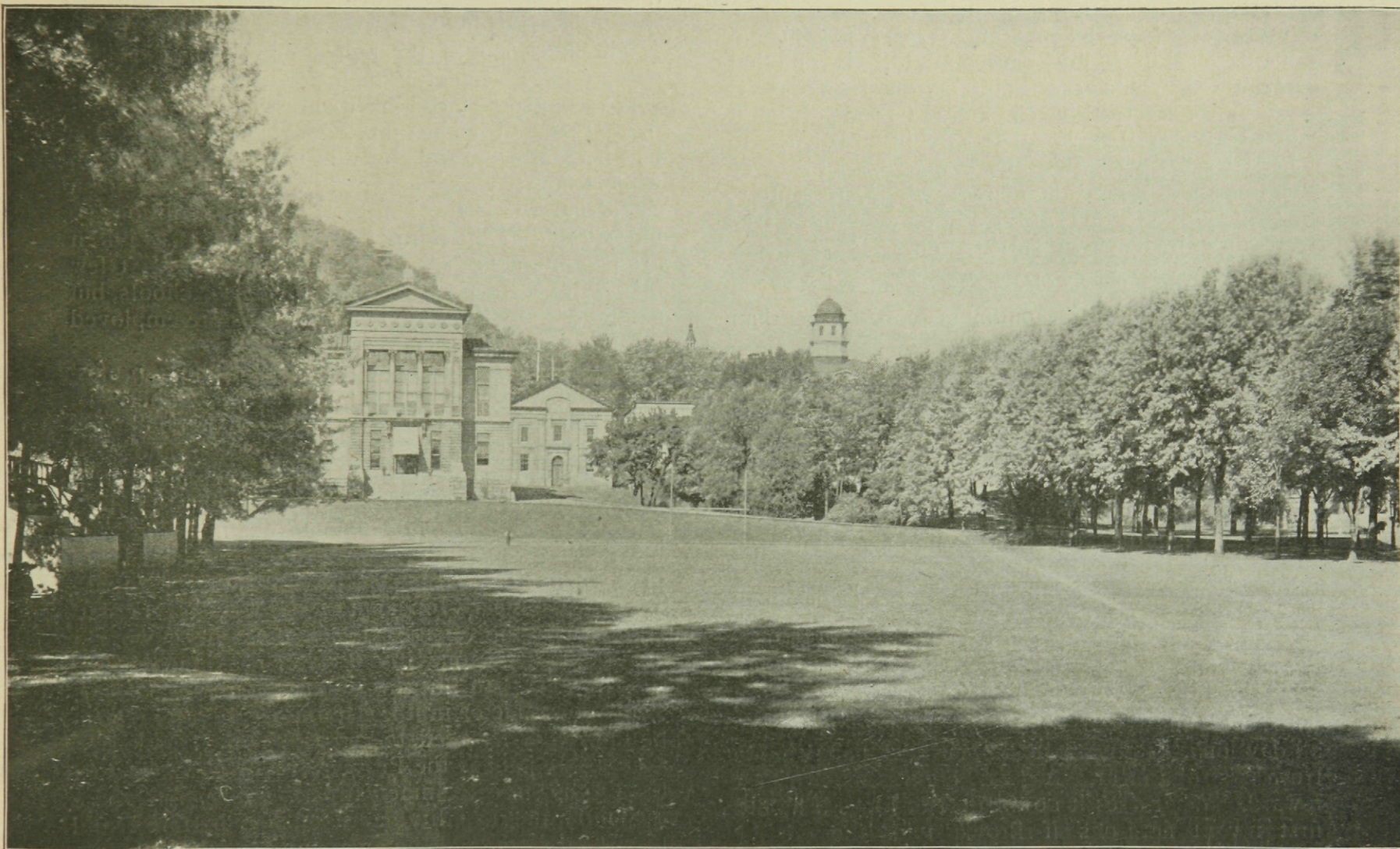
"Her lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
Like her own trumpet, made of brass;
Who, with a hundred pair of wings,
News from the farthest quarters brings;
Sees, hears and tells untold before
All that she hears,—and ten times more."

It follows, as a matter of course, that Fame is a notorious liar, "never believe half that you hear," says one, "make it a quarter, and you will be more right," cries another, but, liar as she is, she is an arrant coquette to boot. To one man, like Fortune, she gives too much; to no man, enough to satisfy him. It has been noted that of writers and authors but a small number have it; some neither have it nor deserve it. This is a very large class, some who do not deserve it, yet get it; and others, who really deserve much, get none, or but little. It is the same with clergymen, painters, statesmen and soldiers;—notoriously so with inventors. Amongst them there are dozens who have filched men's ideas and leaped into the newspapers; as it were, like the Irishman who lived for a whole twelvemonth in Dublin on the fame of having written Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, because he said so, and he was the first to get there with a copy in his pocket. It is very difficult to tell which is the real Simon Pure; and the world does not much care, so that she hears or sees somebody. There was a clergyman we all know, who lived on the reputation of having written the *Burial of Sir John Moore*, poor Wolfe's touching ode. How many men have been secretly said to have written *Junius's Letters*! Sir

Philip Francis left at his death a copy of the letters, with M. S. corrections, and this was bought for a member of his family, who, with Lady Francis, firmly believed Sir Philip to have been *the* Junius. Yet, as we all know, there are at least four other men whose names will live in history with equally good claims to the authorship. But leaving this part of the matter, let us look upon the uncertainty of Fame.

Prince George of Denmark marries Queen Anne, lives in an atmosphere of fame-giving persons, the poets and essayists of the time, is a good-natured person, dies and is almost forgotten. Nay, Queen Anne is less known than Blueskin or Polly Peachum.

It was said of Wellington that he never used the word "glory." What is true of him is, that he always put the word *duty* as his first aim, and always loved to look, not to his own private ends, but to public results. Too used up after Waterloo, save to eat something and throw himself on his bed, the tears channeled white streaks down his battle-stained cheeks the next morning when his secretary read over the roll-call of the dead, and he wrote thus to a friend: "I cannot express the regret and sorrow "I feel at these losses. The glory resulting from "such actions, so dearly bought, can be no consolation to me compared with the loss." But he hopes that the object for which they fought—the peace of



MCGILL UNIVERSITY—CAMPUS.

Fame is, after all, evanescent, poor, comfort less. It is bestowed upon one man because he is a prince, taken from another because he is poor, given to the wrong person and snatched from the true one; so that, like all purely worldly matters, it is not worth having. Get as much of it as you can, and you will find it but cold comfort:

*" 'Tis as a snowball, which derives assistance
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same;
Even to an iceberg it may chance to grow,
But, after all, 'tis nothing but cold snow."*

Perhaps the wisdom of the English is shown in adopting the word fame instead of glory, which, in French, means much the same as what we mean by fame.

Europe—will be attained, "and then it is," he says, that "the glory of our friends" (not his own, mind that), and of the action in which they had fallen, will be "some consolation to us for their loss."

Contrast this honest, manly thought, written in the first flush of victory, the value of which the Duke knew as well as any man, with Napoleon's view of glory, and his constant appeals to the passion for it, which he knew subsisted in his soldiers' breasts. It is less to be regretted that Lord Bacon did not finish his fragment of an Essay on Fame, since he treated it altogether as report. Thus he says, "Julius Cæsar took Pompey unprovided, and laid "asleep his industry and preparations by a *fame* "that he cunningly gave out that Cæsar's own soldiers

"loved him not." And he again returns to this, "Therefore, let all wise governors have a watch and care over *fames*, as they have of the actions and designs themselves." But the specific meaning which we attach to it was known even then, for he adds, "Fame is of that force, that it is the agent and promoter of almost all great actions."

Milton is, as he always is, noble in definition:

*"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 "(That last infirmity of noble mind)
 "To scorn delights and live laborious days."*

Not, as he afterwards says, that they ever get their reward; but yet, to the good man, the contemplation of it is of sufficient recompense and impulse. There is little doubt that poets and great writers, great generals, great painters, chemists, inventors and others feel that fame (*report*) is sufficient reward. "Report my cause aright," is all that *Othello* asks; and the epigram on Leonidas is beautiful in its truthful simplicity, "Stranger, tell it 'at Lacedmon that we died here in obedience to 'her laws,'" that is, that the general and his three hundred laid down their lives coolly, resolutely, knowingly and for duty. So a good man and a true man can enjoy fame by anticipation.

"Exegi monumentum Aere perennius."

"I have raised up a monument more lasting than brass," says Horace of his verses.

*"Not marble nor brazen monuments
 Of Kings shall outlive this powerful rhyme."*

So wrote Shakespeare. These men knew their power. "Many shall misunderstand me, but I shall live," is the burden of the generous and pure Milton when he prays for "fit audience, though few." Report of good actions the soul may rejoice in hearing, and the vanity of wishing to be praised by noble and true women and wise and excellent men may perhaps be forgiven us; but, after all, the love of fame is an infirmity, although the infirmity of noble minds.

He must be a weak man who loves to be tickled with compliments and "fed with soft dedication" all day long. Praise is cream, custard, pap; simple truth is strong meat. A good action is its own best reward. What does it now matter to Jones if he did first invent flat-irons if Brown took the credit? Both are dead. In the next world, lies, bruits or noises and voices—especially the voice so often mistaken, that of Fame—will be dead, but the voices of Conscience and Truth will forever remain. Our final Judge will know what and how much we did:

*"As He pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much Fame in Heaven expect thy meed."*

H.M.

PROFESSIONS OPEN TO WOMEN IN CANADA.

Starting with a heritage of old world traditions, Canada has remained one of the most conservative parts of the British Empire. Life, for the early settlers, was an intense struggle with physical nature, leaving little leisure for the birth and development of

new ideas. A few who were in advance of their times were too isolated to initiate any movement which required corporate life, and old-fashioned customs continued to prevail. Even now, the people respond slowly to onward impulses, and questions answered elsewhere are living issues in Canada. The higher education of woman is a thing of to-day, and their unrestricted admission to the learned professions would be out of harmony with the spirit of the country.

Co-education has long been the rule in the elementary and secondary schools of several provinces, and training schools for teachers have been filled with women; but it is only seventeen years since the first woman to obtain a B.A. degree in Canada graduated from Mount Allison University, a small institution in New Brunswick.

The first effect of the higher education of women was an improvement in their positions in a profession recognized as coming within their sphere. For many years the elementary education of the country had been almost exclusively in the charge of women, while secondary and collegiate education had been as exclusively in the hands of men. Conditions so unfavorable to the normal development of children are beginning to pass away. It is true that few men will accept positions in elementary schools, but a rapidly increasing number of women are employed in high schools and collegiate institutes.

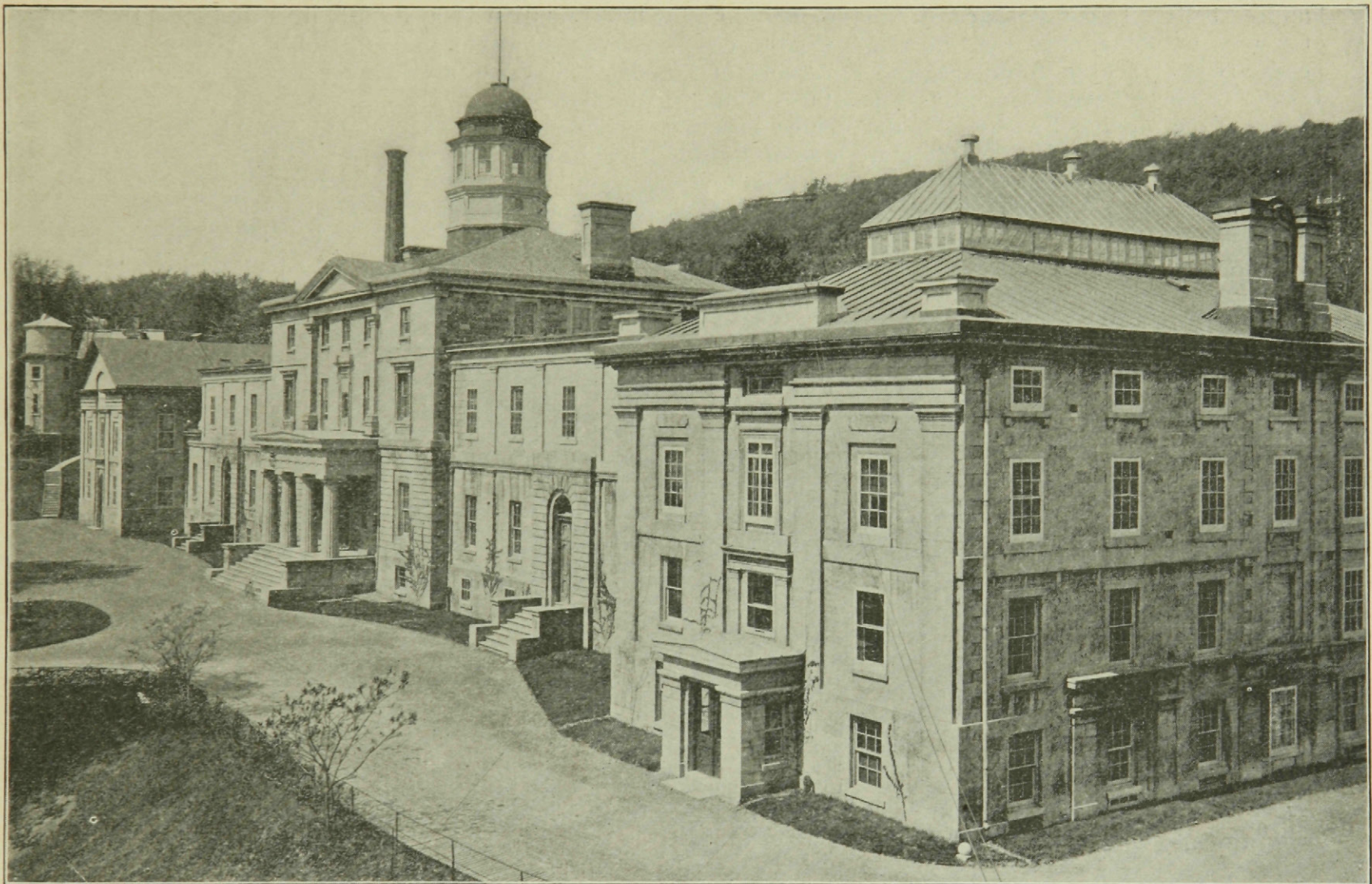
Generalizations in regard to the teaching profession in Canada are almost impossible. There is, unfortunately, no Dominion school law, but each province has its own system of education, and, as a rule, refuses to accept the highest teaching certificate granted in another part of the country. With this lack of uniformity in the qualifications demanded is associated great variations in the salaries of teachers of equal ability and training. In the East, where nearly one-half of the women graduating from the universities become teachers, women are paid about one-third as much as men doing similar work. In British Columbia, on the contrary, sex is not a factor in the determination of the position or salary granted to any teacher. The lowest salaries are paid in the Province of Quebec, where a few teachers receive ninety dollars a year, and where a country municipality has fixed one hundred and twenty dollars as the maximum salary for the teachers of elementary schools. In Montreal, exceptional women engaged in secondary education receive salaries varying from six hundred to nine hundred dollars a year. The highest salaries are to be obtained in Ontario or British Columbia, teachers in high schools and collegiate institutes often earning fifteen hundred dollars per annum. In Western Canada, therefore, the position of women in secondary schools is fairly satisfactory, and the excellent posts occupied by them in the Ontario Medical College for Women may be taken as the promise of better things to come. McGill is the only Canadian University in which women have been appointed members of the teaching staff. In summing up, however, it must be said that the teaching profession is overcrowded, and the prospect is cheerless. Teachers are overworked and underpaid, and there is comparatively little hope of advancement for

even the best trained and most talented Canadian women teachers.

Another time-honored occupation for women is sick-nursing, raised to the rank of a profession by the establishment of training schools in connection with the great hospitals. So remunerative, honourable and even fashionable has nursing become that there is danger of the restless and dissatisfied seeking in it a refuge for themselves rather than opportunities for service. This is, however, only a temporary phase, while, already in hospitals, in private nursing, in charitable institutions, and in the Victorian Order, are to be found most talented and devoted women, who by their work for the sick and the poor have done

blished. Here the students receive the greater part of their training, supplementing it by a few lectures in the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Toronto. Thus, women are prepared for the degree examinations of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. This close connection with the universities, combined with experience gained in the city hospitals, prevents the inferiority of attainment inevitable in a small institution separated from great foundations.

In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, most liberal views in regard to the education of women have always been held. The first to apply for admission to the universities were welcomed without discussion



ARTS AND LAW BUILDING.

much to overcome prejudices against the entrance of women into the medical profession,

In 1867, Dr. Stowe, a graduate of the New York Medical College for Women, startled Toronto by establishing herself there as a practising physician. Still later she astonished the University authorities by entering her daughter as a student in the Toronto School of Medicine. Miss Stowe graduated in 1883; and the following year Miss Smith obtained the degree of M. D. from Queen's University, Kingston. The Medical schools, however, regarded women students with disfavour, and the demand for the medical education of women having greatly increased, the Ontario Medical College for Women was esta-

or hesitation. Only a few have studied in the professional schools and have taken M. D. degrees, but these are meeting with encouragement and even success in practice. In Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia, the Medical Boards issue licenses to women upon the same terms as men, and the former labour under no disadvantages in their professional life.

Recent developments have led to the exclusion of women from the only Medical School hitherto open to them in the Province of Quebec. The professional faculties of McGill University have never admitted women as undergraduates. But for several years they have been enrolled as students in the

Faculty of Medicine of Bishop's College, and have been granted all the privileges accorded to men. At first these women obtained their practical training in the Montreal General Hospital, the most extensive clinical field in Canada. Soon, however, the Hospital authorities withdrew this privilege because of theoretic objections to the presence of women in the character of medical students. The Royal Victoria Hospital also refused admission to women students, and only a small foundation, the Western Hospital, is open to them. But this Institution has only fifty beds, while the regulations both of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec and of the General Medical Council of Great Britain and Ireland require that candidates for Medical degrees shall have attended clinics in a hospital having at least one hundred beds. In consequence of the impossibility of women obtaining the hospital experience necessary for a license to practise, the governors of Bishop's College have reluctantly closed the senior classes of the Medical Faculty and the degree examinations to women. Unless, therefore, one of the large hospitals can be induced to permit women to share "the exceptional opportunities for clinical instruction and practical training" enjoyed by men students, or, failing this, unless the Western Hospital be endowed and extended so as to meet the requirements of the Medical Acts of Canada and of Great Britain, it will remain impossible for the women of Quebec to qualify for an M. D. degree in their own province. This retrograde movement has occurred at a time when women physicians and surgeons have conquered prejudice, not only in non-professional but in professional circles. Last winter, for the first time, the Montreal Medical Society received a paper prepared by a woman, and, at a subsequent meeting, a resolution was passed, authorizing the admission of duly qualified women to membership in the Society. The author of the paper, Dr. Abbott, after graduating from Bishop's College, spent several years in Vienna, engaged in post-graduate work. A few months ago she was appointed assistant curator of the Pathological Museum of McGill University, and already she has accomplished enough to justify her appointment. Dr. Abbott is only one of several women doctors with similar training, who, having proved faithful and skilful practitioners, have won the confidence of the public.

Into the minor professions allied to medicine, namely, dentistry and pharmacy, women have entered in small numbers, but without opposition. In the opportunities for acquiring the preliminary training and the qualifications demanded for admission to these careers, no distinction is made between men and women; and, as in trades and agriculture, the success to be attained depends entirely upon the ability of the practitioner.

Little need be said in regard to women in the other learned professions. At present, there is but one woman barrister in Canada. Miss Brett Martin obtained the degree of B.C.L. from the University of Toronto in 1897, and the degree of LL.B. in 1899. In order that she might be enrolled as a solicitor and barrister, amendments to the provincial law and to the regulations of the Law Society of Ontario were enacted. Miss Martin is now a member of a well-

known Toronto firm of lawyers. No woman has applied for admission to study for the practice of law in other provinces. In Manitoba and British Columbia, they are not legally disqualified from admission to the Bar, but it is otherwise in the east. Dalhousie University would give the necessary training to women, but the Barristers' Act of Nova Scotia prohibits their practising. In Quebec, on the contrary, women are excluded from the Faculties of Law in the various Universities. If, however, a woman were to obtain the training demanded by the General Council of the Bar of the Province of Quebec by studying in some notary's or attorney's office for four years, there is apparently nothing in the statutes which would debar her from admission to the practice of law. But, as custom is taken into account in the interpretation of a statute, it is probable that conservatism would prevail, and a test case would be decided against a woman candidate for admission to the Bar.

Following the example of the primitive Church, the Order of Deaconesses has been revived in several denominations, and women, subordinate to the clergy, are set apart for special work in the Church. Even in more radical lands, few religious bodies have admitted women to the pastorate; in Canada, therefore, where the conservative denominations are in the majority, many years will probably pass before women are regularly trained and ordained as ministers. At present, impelled by religious devotion, some go out as missionaries and some join sisterhoods. Leaders of reform movements, who unite a love of humanity to the power of organization, do effectual work in connection with various societies. A few, endowed with eloquence and spiritual insight, have ample opportunity for speaking in public upon ethical subjects.

Women who have literature, music or art for a profession are also unhampered in the exercise of their talents. But the country is too thinly populated to afford an adequate field for the exercise of unusual gifts. In consequence, Canada's most celebrated singer is seldom heard at home; the best Canadian pictures are hung in foreign salons; the best books are published first in London and New York. But they are of Canada and for Canada, and loved and honoured by Canadians for present worth and future promise.

Without aggression, without any noisy obtrusiveness, a few Canadian women by deep thought, by clear vision, or by honest service have prepared the way for those who will follow, and have proved the right of all to work as they are able. C.D.

(From the *Paris Handbook of Canadian Women and their work*)

A THOUGHT.

The sunset radiance in the distant west
Gilds with its dying beams all nature near,
Making the smallest flower or twig appear
Fairer than ought rich Ophir's mines possess't.

So when the sun which has illumed our path
For these brief years has sunk, his effluence still
Will cast a glamour o'er our lives until
The golden harvest yields to aftermath.

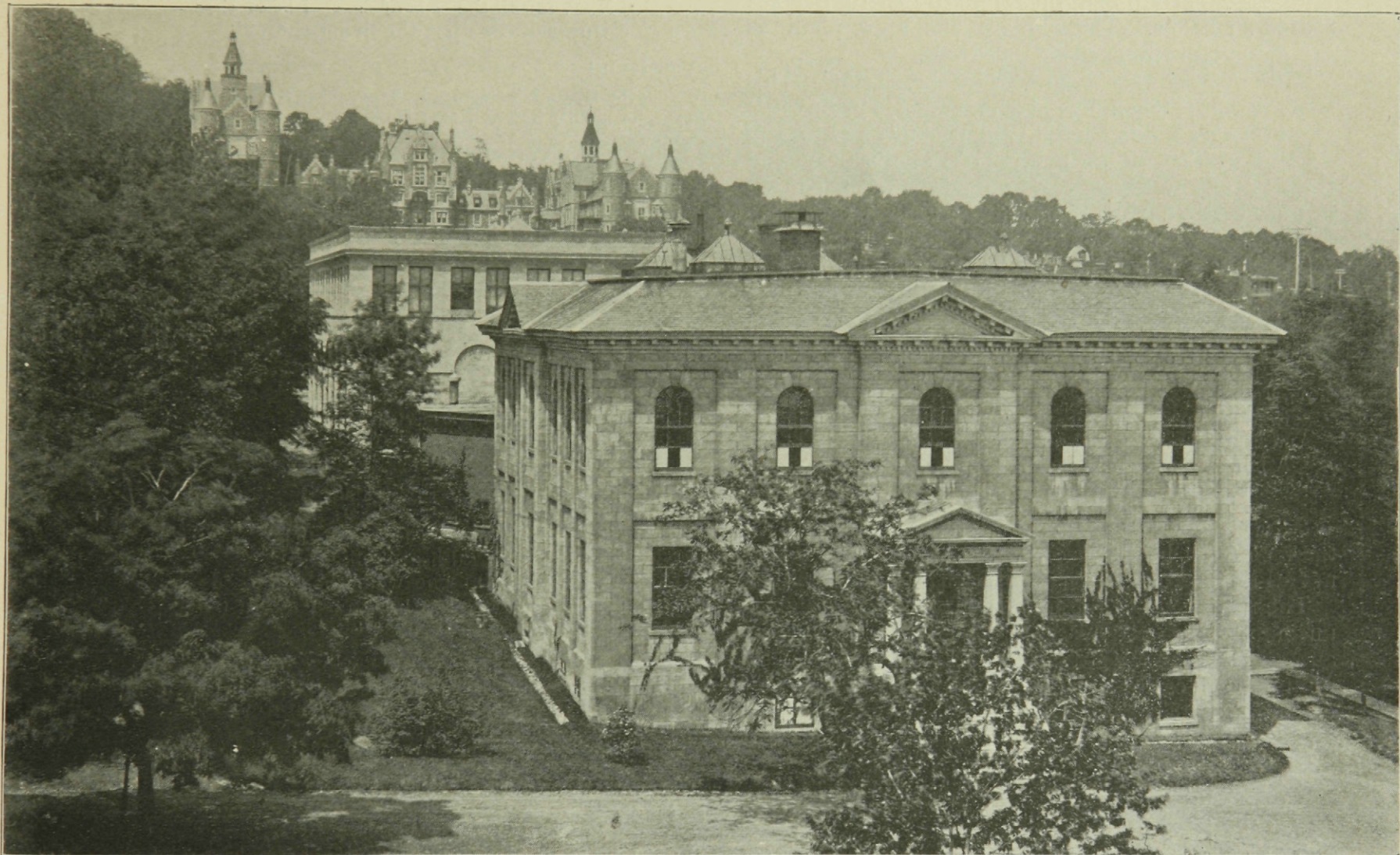
ED. C. WOODLEY.

TINTAGIL BY THE CORNISH SEA.

"All down the thundering shores of Bude and Bos,
Of Dark Tintagil by the Cornish Sea ;"

All day long these lines had been echoing in the mind of a McGill student as he drew nearer and nearer to the place of the magical name, "Dark Tintagil by the Cornish Sea." He knew there were other lines which should come in between, but these two insisted upon clinging together just then. He had heard the waves thundering on the rocky shores of Bude the night before ; that morning he had explored the grotto of Bos Castle, and now in the twilight of evening he was entering Tintagil. He was following the road taken by the Knights of old when

which he had come to think of as typically English. The dying light gleamed on fields of golden charlock, unproductively beautiful, or more often on slopes of purple heather. The road wound upward and seemed to end in a dark, irregular horizon line. A light fog from the sea was stealing over it all as they drew up at one of the cottages in the tiniest of villages, and the air of mystery deepened. To our student it seemed that the cottage light was one of the magic beacons which welcomed Arthur, the wet laurel bushes at the door were full of whispering sounds, even the faint sweet perfume of the sea-side flowers, mingled with the pungent scent of the sea, seemed full of romantic suggestion. Above all nearer sounds was the constant sighing of the unfruitful sea, and its



MEDICAL BUILDINGS.

they rode down to the Castle on the cliff, and so passed on perhaps to the mysterious land of Lyonesse. It was here that signs and wonders were seen at the time of Arthur's birth, and, as the weird features of the unfamiliar country grew upon him, our traveller felt that no miracle could surprise him even now.

From the coach top he looked down on stretches of rough, uneven country, divided by stone walls overhung with straggling shrubbery in lieu of hedges. The occasional cottages were all stone built, the garden walls were of stone, even the doors were in some cases upright slabs of slate. It was a bleak land, very unlike that of the sunny fields and beautiful hedgerows through which he had passed and

lashing against the dark rocks faintly seen through breadths of mist. Were there not fairies, wild, un-toiling creatures of the sea and moorland, dancing out there in the mist ? Were there not mermaids on the rocks ? What might there not be in the land of romance and enchantment ?

We must remember that this youth was taking a long dreamed-of tour. He was not usually given up to dreams, indeed he wrestled with prosaic problems at home. But he was fond of the "Idylls" and "Tristram and Iseult," and this was his holiday.

Later in the evening, when the moon came up and made "a wild sea-light about his feet," he found his way to the headland, and climbed up to where stands the fragment of ruin still called "Arthur's Castle."

He found it only a fragment, but it was quite sufficient to show to one so open to conviction that a castle had once stood here; and if not the place of Uther's death, it was certainly the place which Tennyson described as such. The low sweep of battlemented wall stood on the terrace of the rocky steep, which rose still higher above it. Within the circle were other fragments of masonry, broken and weed-grown, but still indicating the remains of a somewhat pretentious building. The outer wall itself was built of flat, dark stones, not massive but apparently unmortared, and still defying time. There were many small embrasures and one perfect archway in the dark length. Standing under this arch the eager explorer looked across a yawning chasm to where a second rocky steep rose dark and massive. At his feet a path zig-zagged down the cliff to where the sea roared far below. The whole scene grew plain as the moonlight whitened on the water.

This was the very "gateway by the chasm." This was the path taken by Merlin and Bleys on that night "when Uther in Tintagil passed away, moaning and wailing for an heir." It was this way that they "dropt to the cove," and as he recalled the lines the student followed the devious path down, down to its foot, to find—what he could not see from above—a little crescent of smooth sand, where long waves were rolling in majestically. He found himself counting them.

"Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame;
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried 'The King!'"

Surely there were voices in that huge wave with the moonlight breaking on its crest! Surely it was not all imagination that made the light so flame-like!

The realization of the familiar lines seemed almost uncanny to the watcher as he turned from the sea and climbed the rugged cliff again. With the renewed sight of the castle came new visions. This was Marc's castle too, he remembered, and the unloved home of Iseult. Hither had Tristram brought her from

"The green isle where she was bred,
And her bower in Ireland."

This was

"The surge-beat Cornish strand,
Where the Prince whom she must wed
Dwells on loud Tyntagel's hill,
High above the sounding sea."

Within those walls she had pined and fretted for Tristram after he had sailed away to Brittany,

"Where the feast was gay and the laughter loud
In Tyntagel's palace proud."

There she heard scornfully "silken courtiers whispering honeyed nothings," and was of all queens most unhappy until the night—a night of moonlight and shadow like this—when she heard Tristram's dying voice calling her from over the waves. Then she too fled down the rocky path, took ship on that perilous sea and sailed away to die with Tristram in his exile. The sad words which they exchanged wound themselves through the student's memory as

he walked slowly back to his cottage behind the whispering laurels.

Iseult:

"What, thou think'st men speak in courtly chambers
Words by which the wretched are consoled?
What, thou think'st this aching brow was cooler
Circled, Tristram, by a band of gold?"

"Ah, on which, if both our lots were balanced,
Was, indeed, the heaviest burden thrown—
Thee, a pining exile in thy forest,
Me, a smiling queen upon my throne!"

And when, having ended his walk, he took a last long look at the sea, the very waves seemed to attune themselves to the music of the farewell verses:

Tristram:

"Now, to sail the seas of death I leave thee—
One last kiss upon the living shore."

Iseult:

Tristram! Tristram! stay—receive me with thee!
Iseult leaves thee, Tristram! never more."

And forevermore when these and other "lovely tales" came to his mind they came with that setting, the dark cliffs and castle and moonlit waves of "Dark Tintagil by the Cornish Sea." S. E. C.

A SAD CASE.

My heart has left me,
Alack-a-day!
And I fear me sore
It's gone to stay.
Now listen a space
To my woeful case,
Good people, pray!

Little Boy Cupid,
Alack-a-day!
Was not to be trusted
I'd heard folks say;
But who would have guess'd
The heart from one's breast
He'd steal away!

I know a maiden,
Alack-a-day!
Who a game, with hearts,
Is said to play—
And Cupid employs
To find her new toys,
Mischievous fay!

These cruel gamesters,
Alack-a-day!
Show pity to none
Who pass their way;
Not one do they spare—
(This scheming pair!)
Where'er they play.

And my heedless heart,
Alack-a-day!
All unsuspecting
Was wiled away.
Thus, they add one more
To the goodly store
Of a large array!

When I ask for it back—
Alack-a-day,—
The maiden but laughs
And answers, "Nay!"
Shall I ever regain
That poor heart again,
Tell me, I pray?

FROM A CONTRIBUTOR.

A FISH(Y)ING STORY!

BY "PHILO."

There were six of us, each most surely on pleasure bent. Two were Bostonians, viz., Weeks and Foster; Wilkinson and Balkinshaw hailed from Chicago, and Jack Barnett (who was my friend and companion), and myself, hailed from a Maritime Province capital. We had left behind us scenes of inky confusion and proofs, at least for the time being, and we were bent upon enjoying to the utmost the perspective holiday before us.

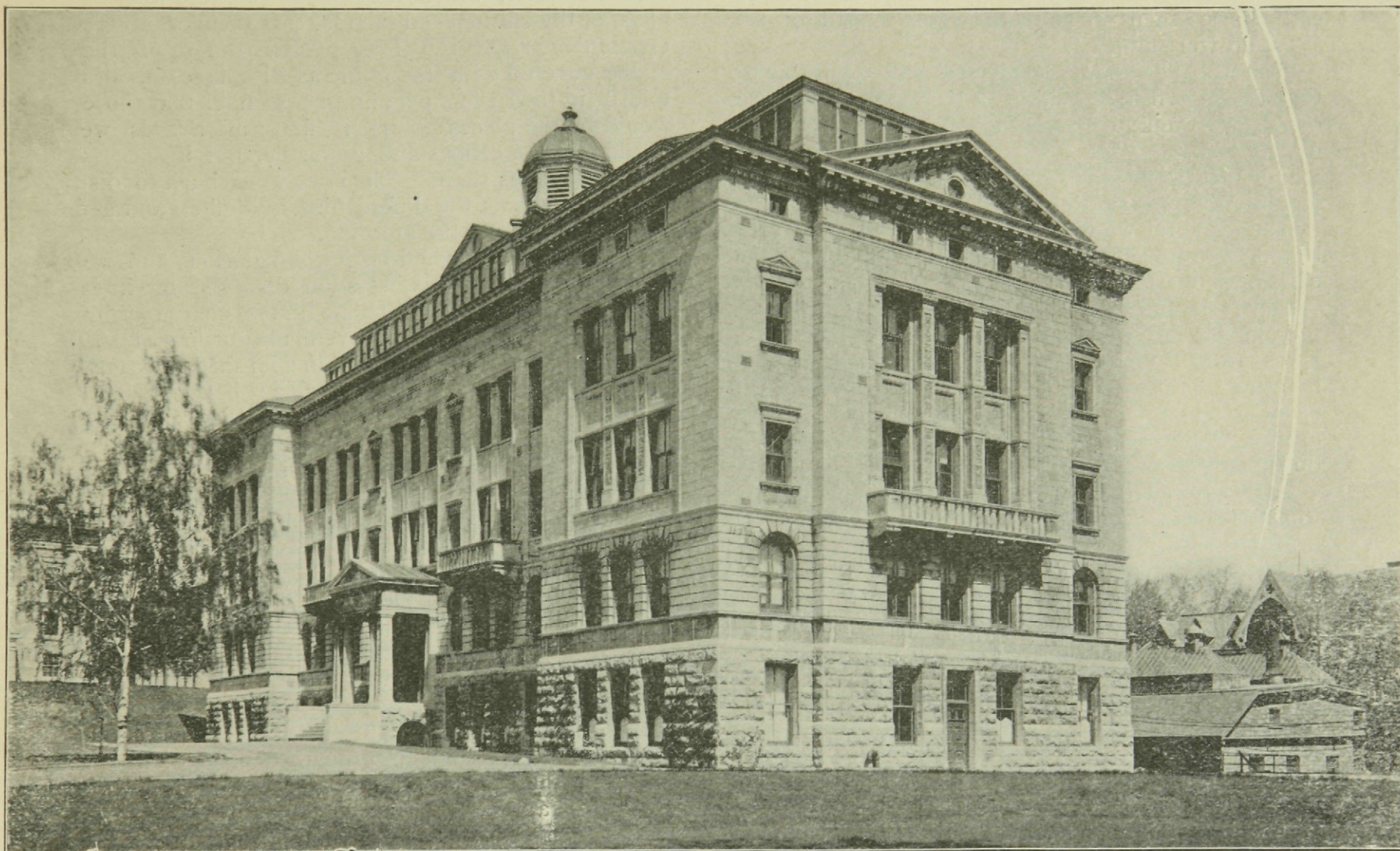
We had been travelling for many weeks for the far-famed C. P. R., and we had met with the others in our travels.

up our minds to see what Canada really *does* offer to the angler."

When we were by ourselves Jack said to me in a quiet aside, "This is one of the times when a fellow almost envies those who are well fixed in this world's goods, and can come and go as they like, eh, Horace?"

"Have you never done so on any other occasion, Jack, old boy?" I queried, my friend giving me no answer. But, "thereby hangs a tale."

We all six arrived at Quebec with no settled plans in view, and devoted a few days to wandering about the old historical city, which is all too rapidly becoming modernized and losing its landmarks of historical interest.



MACDONALD ENGINEERING BUILDING.

Work being finished, we joined with those who were more certainly men of leisure than we, and together we determined that we should discuss practically, not theoretically, the "fish that swim" in Canadian waters.

We were "hail fellows well met," beyond a doubt, and in our case that meant much. Weeks and Foster had just come from one of the noted fishing resorts of the U. S., while the other two had fished almost every kind of fish the rod could land, while Jack and myself felt sure that nowhere could trout be caught in such complete variety and numbers as in our own little Province. But, as Weeks remarked, "home is home, we can fish there any time; therefore, we made

One evening, while enjoying an unusual silence, sitting out on Dufferin Terrace, in front of the Chateau Frontenac, Weeks said rather abruptly, "Let's fish Ouananiche!"

"Where?" asked Foster.

"At the head of Lake St. John, or somewhere in that region," replied Weeks.

"How do we get there? And what *are* Ouananiche?" asked Wilkinson, in an incredulous way, as if the place or the fish had no existence except in his friend's imagination.

"We can take the morning train from here to Roberval, which is directly at the head of the Lake. Arrived there, there are many places to find the

Ouananiche in. I am told that for sport *pur et simple*, fish Ouananiche."

And to fish Ouananiche we all agreed.

We were full of anticipation as we all six boarded the Quebec and Lake St. John train the next morning at 8.40. Slowly we left the picturesque old city behind; its little villages nestling comfortably on its outskirts, and the busy life of the towns just commencing for the day. To tell of the picturesque scenery which greeted us all along our line of travel would make an interesting tale of itself, but I must hasten on to Roberval, which we reached at half-past seven in the evening.

Our first introduction to the Ouananiche was at late dinner that night, when it formed a most delicious adjunct to the meal. Wilkinson remarked in his peculiar way, "If it's as gamey to catch as it is to eat, boys, then we've some sport ahead of us. What do you think?"

That word "gamey" seems scarcely applicable to the taste of a fish, but it's the only suitable one we could ever think of, so the incongruity must be pardoned.

Our first evening in Roberval was passed in obtaining information as to where we should find the Ouananiche, for we were told that they were only to be found around the shores near the hotel during the early season—June or July, and it was then August—so we decided to cross the Lake.

Lake St. John stretches for about thirty miles across from Roberval, and, after embarking the next morning on the steamer "Mistassini," a glorious sail of an hour and a half brought us to the Grand Discharge, where we procured Indian guides to pilot us down the foaming rapids.

Shall I ever forget the sensation of dashing through those rushing, seething rapids, nothing but a sheet of birch bark between us and eternity. But the steady, firm hands of our dusky guides brought us around rocks, through swift currents and heaving pools; sometimes crossing rapids so close above a fall that it seemed as if we *must* go over into the boiling waters below, and we passed from one novel situation to another, until at last we forgot all sense of danger in the newness of the experience.

Isle Maleine, far down the Saguenay, was our stopping place, and when, tired out with the exciting journey and the pitching of our camps, we gathered around our supper table, one and all enjoyed to the utmost the unwonted freedom from care and sense of being able to do as one pleases, even if only for a little while.

And we did ample justice to that supper. Jack looked across at me and remarked, as he helped himself to a third plateful of substantial, "Say, Horace, it's going to be jolly fun, isn't it?"

"You didn't think that anything in this world could be 'jolly fun' a month ago, old boy, did you?"

Foster, who was generally slow to speak, but as correspondingly quick of perception, scented something from my answer and inquired, "A love story? Well, I never knew the case yet that a couple of weeks' fishing could'n't cure."

"Oh, drop that," replied Jack, while a blush like a girl's overspread his face, serving to turn all eyes upon him, and but confirming the recently aroused

suspicion. The truth of the matter was, that I had persuaded him to come away with me in order that he might forget in his interest in our work one of those little episodes that WILL come into a good fellow's life and cloud it over for a time; only Jack was the kind of a chap that could not easily forget, and even I, who had known him from his childhood, was in doubt as to whether the cure would prove effectual or not. There was one thing about it; it was a comparatively recent case of love at first sight, the object of it being as badly smitten as was Jack himself, but her guardian, possessing a worldly turn of mind, thought a richer man had a better chance, and Jack was unconsolable for a time. My thoughtlessness in alluding to the subject was soon passed over, when, after supper our guides took us out to the rock-strewn streams, which they said were the abiding place of the land-locked salmon, that being what the Ouananiche really is. They pointed out to us the eddies covered with insect life as with a scum, and told us in their short peremptory manner that those would be the places to try in first; afterwards we would take the canoes and go farther out if success did not meet us there. Then we went back to discuss the merits of the different kinds of flies and get all in readiness for the morning.

The next day dawned bright and glorious and we were up betimes, breakfast soon disposed of, knee boots donned, rods and tackle taken charge of by our dusky companions, and we made our first start.

Those who have fished trout in cool shady streams, with no trouble to land the speckled beauties once they are caught, can form no idea of the excitement of landing an Ouananiche; for the catching of him is but the smallest part of the business.

We paired off that day, Jack taking Balkinshaw for a companion, Wilkinson and Foster going away in a different direction, while I was left to the tender mercies of Weeks, who, when he wanted to, could be an exceedingly good comrade.

Occasional shouts from the others told us when they got a "bite," and at last our turn came. Weeks, who was knee deep in water a few yards from me, exclaimed:—

"Go it old fellow," at the same time as I shouted:

"Here goes, boys," and then began the fun.

It was then we learned just how well that word "gamey" applied to the Ouananiche. The one I had caught gave a pull, then a spring, and for a second a bright gleam of shiny beauty shone from the region where the cast had been made; then I thought for a moment that my rod was broken, for with a sudden rush the fish was swimming below, and the reel spinning out line at a terrific rate before I realized the state of affairs. It was over an hour before I landed that Ouananiche, leaping and jumping, rushing and tearing, and keeping both my mind busy in taking on his tactics and my hands employed in trying to save tackle as well as the fish. But I landed him at last, game to the finish, for it seems to me that an Ouananiche can leap as well out of the water as in it.

At the end of four days we had all learned that, of all the fish considered worth angling for, the Ouananiche is the least to be depended upon either in tactics or the places in which to find him. To-day

he will gleam through quiet water, to-morrow the seething waters below a fall will be his abiding place. He never fights the same twice, and a favorite trick of his is to leap perhaps four feet from the surface of the water, then dive quickly down and sulk like any salmon in the depths below.

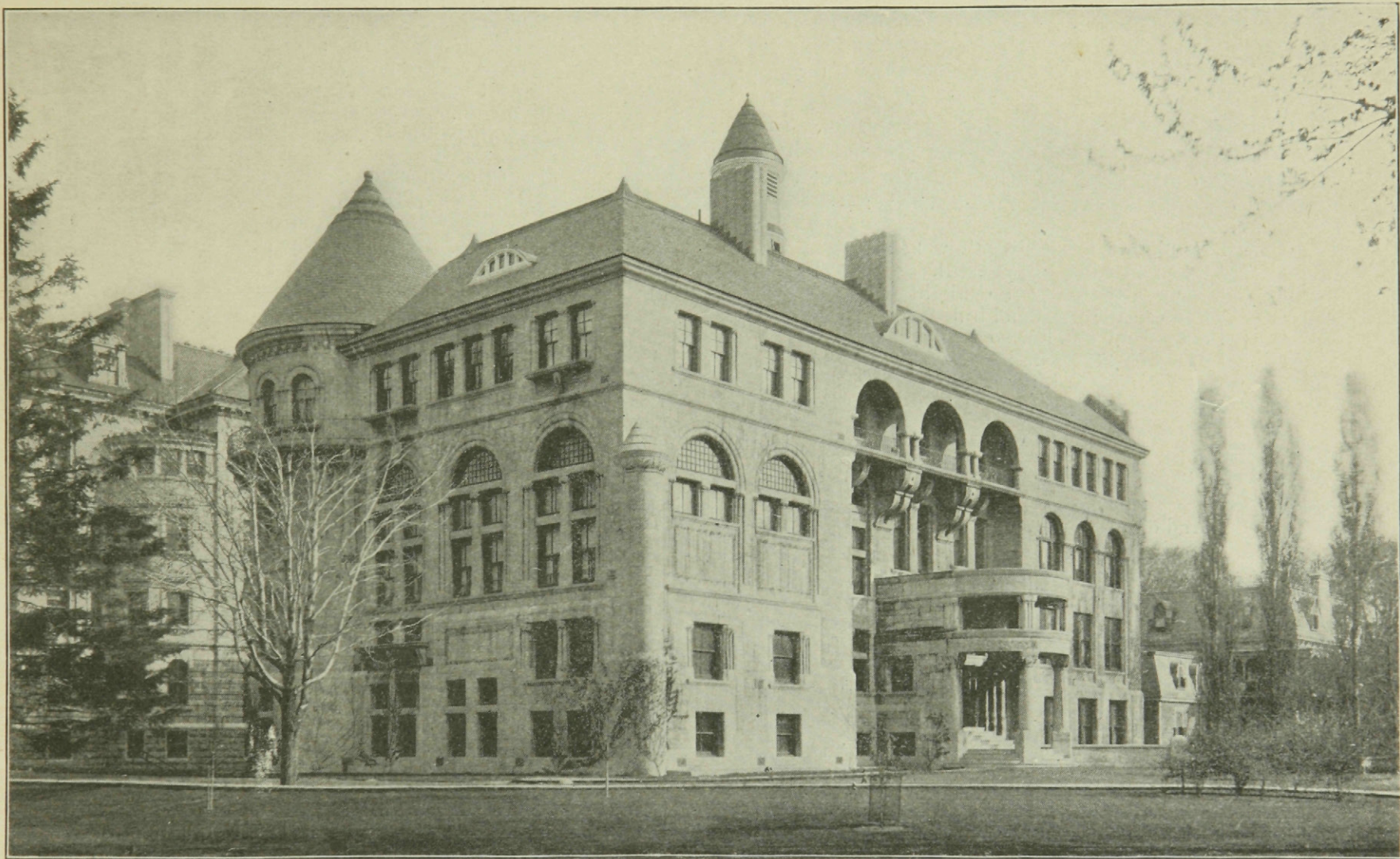
We remained a week on Isle Maleine, enjoying every moment of our stay, and fishing from every point of vantage, each one of which was perfectly familiar to our guides. From early childhood those guides are trained in the work of travelling the rivers and shooting the rapids. It is their education—even as ours begins in learning our alphabet.

At last we decided to return to Roberval, Jack and I to start for home, going down the Saguenay by

“I say, boys, Ouananiche fishing is something like the course of true love. It doesn't run smooth. Does it?”

“But if it ends in success” said Balkinshaw, “that is about all that can be desired. Our sport has ended well: perhaps—” Here Jack gave him a look that forbade him saying more, and just then our guides came for us, as all was in readiness for our departure. From six lusty throats rose three cheers for the Ouananiche—three for our trusty guides and then we bade farewell to the Isle Maleine.

How I would like to linger over that journey back to the Grand Discharge, through the turnings and windings of our circuitous course, the boiling, seething waters dashing their spray over us, and the



MACDONALD PHYSICS BUILDING.

boat from Quebec, the others to proceed after a few days rest in Roberval to Chicoutimi by canoes through the rapids, and then finish their holiday elsewhere, as the season was advancing rapidly.

Very reluctantly we bade farewell to the spot which had afforded us such unbounded pleasure. Lying on the grass under the shade of the leafy branches, we compared notes as to our mutual enjoyment, and it is hard to say which was the most enthusiastic.

“As for me,” said Weeks, who generally had the first word in deciding anything, “I am safe to say that Ouananiche fishing beats all sport I ever tried, and I vote that we come here again next summer.”

The vote was seconded and carried, when Foster remarked casually:

canoes darting on with the swiftness of birds past the rocks, which, if by any mischance we should have struck, would have dashed our frail conveyances to pieces.

When we reached the Grand Discharge once more, we were almost like in color to the dusky guides to whom we bade farewell, and whom we were really loth to part with.

We crossed the big lake in all the beauty of the autumn evening, clear and starlit, the calm waters of the lake in striking contrast to the busy rapids and hurrying streams we had so recently left behind.

Balkinshaw, who was poetically inclined as well as a good story-teller, quoted all the lines that he

could think of about "calm, starlit-nights," ending with the old chestnut of

"Night's sable garments,
Pinned back with a star."

But his poetry did not go astray. The stars were in myriads twinkling and sparkling in the blue above and reflected again in the quiet waters below. They indeed suggested the "calm after a storm," the "peace after strife," and the "rest" that all weary laborers look forward to some time in the future. On reaching the "Roberval" a bath, and the donning of more suitable garments than fishing suits, was in order, followed by dinner. Then we sat out in the evening air once more, loth to lose a moment of the delicious cool and quiet. Jack was stretched lazily on the grass sending curly wreaths from his fragrant Havana. Weeks and Balkinshaw lounged in a hammock hung between two trees, while I, near Jack, watched Wilkinson and Balkinshaw giving a description to some other guests of the landing of a big Ouananiche which almost defied capture. Suddenly a few chords struck on a piano inside the hotel attracted our attention, and then a clear sweet voice rang out on the evening air in the words:—

"Last night the Nightingale woke me,
Last night when all was still,
It sang in the golden moonlight
From out the woodland hill.
I opened my window so gently,
I gazed on the dreaming dew,
And oh! the bird, my darling,
Was singing of you,—of you."

and so on until the song ended, the echoes taking up the refrain, and sending back again and again the words,

"And oh! the bird, my darling,
Was singing of you,—of you."

Weeks was humming the words over softly as I looked up, but my companion had gone; Jack's place was empty and Foster gave me a peculiar look as he said—"That last verse has fetched him I think—Possibly he has gone to see who the singer is."

Shall I say more? I think not. By one of those chances which the hand of fate brings about more than we think for, Jack's love story ended at the Roberval in the climax that all such stories are expected to end in. Of course it was "herself" and I find that, instead of confining myself to writing an account of what a capital sport Ouananiche fishing, is (which was surely my original intention), I have told a love story as well, and in the nineteenth century real love stories are supposed to be but lived in the imaginations of the writers of them.

But in conclusion I will say that six months later our local papers contained a glowing account of a wedding down in the little Provincial capital, and, if ever you meet Jack, perhaps he will tell you who the principals were, as well as how the course of true love *did* run smooth after all. And—we are all going to meet again next summer unless unforeseen circumstances arise, and wend our way to where the leaping, jumping Ouananiche affords more sport in one day than can be found elsewhere in the breadth of the vast Dominion.

A NIGHT SONG.

O Night, I love thee,
Hasten to me;
With thy soft, twilight-touch
Come soothingly!
Wave now thy magic wand
Over the land,
With thy beloved sleep
Come hand in hand.
Gather a tired world
Close to thy breast,
Fold it about with peace,
Hush noise to rest.

O Night, I love thee—
Hasten to me;
Come with thy drowsy spells,
Come silently!
Now the long day is done,
Sunlight is over—
Song-birds have sought their nests,
Bees left the clover;
All things are longing—
As I long—for thee;
Come, then, O Silver Queen,
Swiftly to me!

Let thine attendants,
Children of Dreams—
Herald thy glad approach
With bright star-gleams;
So may their welcome light
Bring visions blest
To every waiting heart
Yearning for rest.
O Night, I love thee,
List to my call—
Breathe thy pure benison
Softly o'er all!

FROM A CONTRIBUTOR.

ROUNDEL.

Good-bye! the very flowers of June
Grow paler at that whispered sigh!
The birds sing in a new hushed tune,
Good-bye!

Oh, fair and clear the evening sky!
The western flame will vanish soon,
One star looks down with steadfast eye.

So far and fair, the summer moon
A ghostly crescent gleams on high—
While all the wandering breezes croon
Good-bye!

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

FAILURE.

It was night, dark and gloomy. No moon, no stars, no light gleaming from cottage windows, not a ray to break the darkness.

It was quiet, the quiet of death reigned everywhere, no murmuring breeze amid the leaves, there were no leaves. No gentle ripple of forest stream, no glad sound of human voice, nothing to break the awful stillness.

It was night in a wilderness.

But one vestige of life was present. It was a man, seated, with his head buried in his hands, on a little hillock, resembling the mounds raised over the graves of those we love, but lacking their tender care. Had it not been for a slight movement now

and then, one would have said the man also belonged to the realm of the dead.

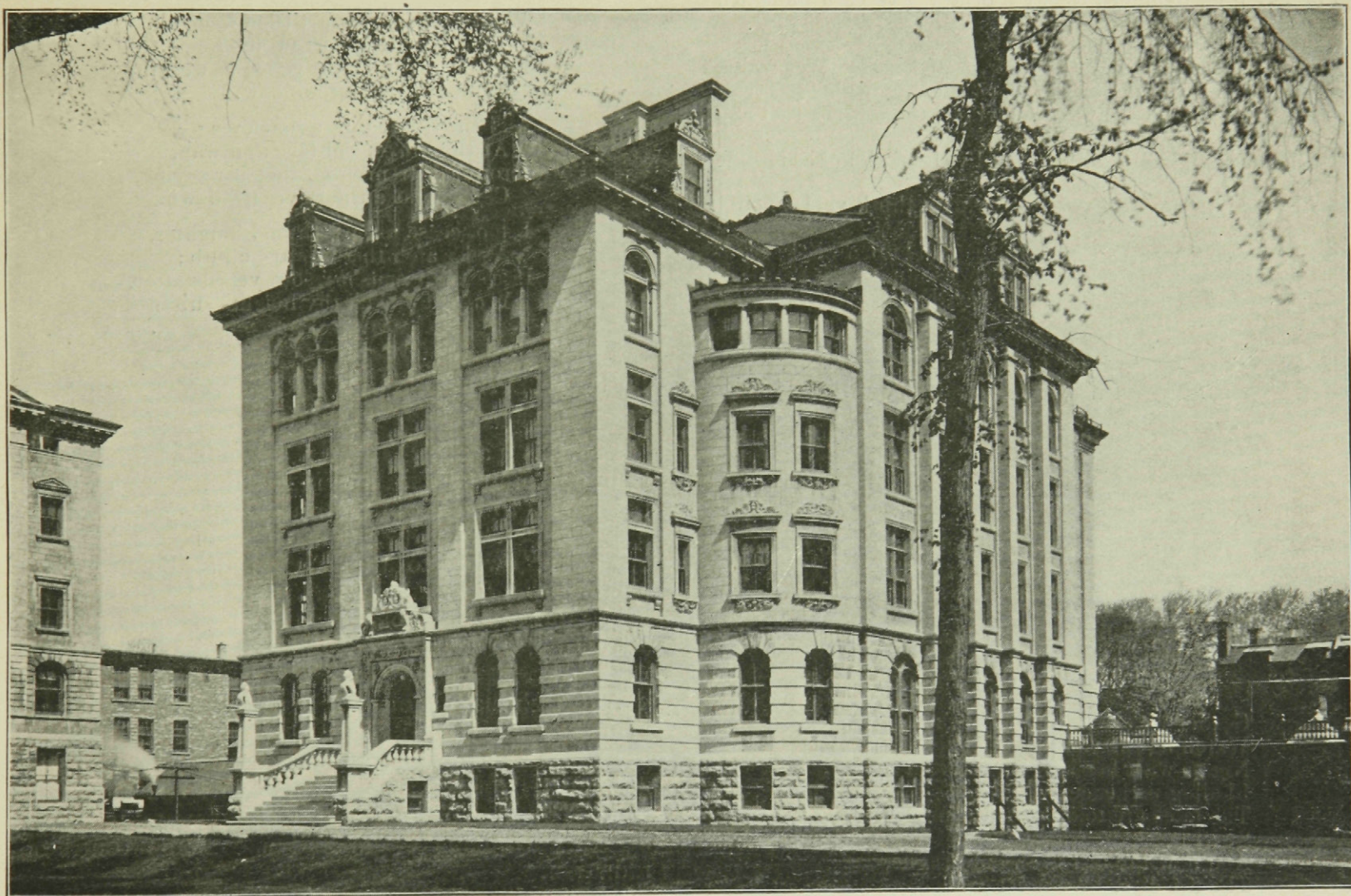
What was he doing here, a living man amid surroundings which spoke only of death. Rever-tamus,—Years before in a home far away, one day there was great rejoicing. A son had been born. All was bright about him, no forecast of the future to throw a shadow over the happy scene. The boy became the youth, the youth the man;—we all change. One day to the young man there came a vision. He dreamt, and in his dream beheld a graceful figure approach him. In her hand she held a scroll, and on it was engraved, in letters of fire, a simple inscription. The figure held out the scroll

at his work, his bright eye lost its brilliancy. Nature about him changed in sympathy. The sky became leadened, the songs of the birds ceased, and darkness and quiet settled on all. Yes, for him, "the night cometh."

Such is he, whom we saw a moment ago, amid that darkness and desolation.

The young man looked up. Far in the distance he saw a light. He looked down again on the hot dry earth, and felt not the breeze on his brow; it was fevered.

He looked up again; the light was nearer. He saw it was a figure moving towards him. Again he looked down, and the wind blew on unnoticed.



MACDONALD CHEMISTRY AND MINING BUILDING.

to him. He read—awoke with a start. The vision smiled, vanished.

The young man was changed. That day he worked harder than ever before, and the next, and the next. The days became months, the months years, still the young man worked on, and he worked each day more earnestly than the preceding one. At last a day came when the sun seemed to shine brighter than any he had ever known. The birds had sweeter songs. It was morning.

Midday came, and the sun seemed to shine brighter than ever. "Only a few more hours" he said.

Suddenly a change came over the young man. His happiness seemed to leave him, his hand shook

A hand was placed on the young man's shoulder. He arose slowly, and looked at the stranger. "Who art thou," he said, "why do you come to me?" And the stranger answered "my name is Failure, I am the servant of her whom thou once sawest in thy vision bearing a scroll. Thou art her servant. Obey me and I will lead thee to her, at length. Thou shalt meet me many times yet ere thou attainest that she shewed thee." With these words he whispered a message in the young man's ear. He arose, and this time looked to the sky. As he did so the scene changed, the darkness fled, the birds renewed their songs, all was once more bright and fair, and there in the clouds above him he saw her he had seen long years before holding the

scroll still, and on it were written the same words, only, to him, they seemed to shine brighter than ever, even as the morning light seems brightest after a night of deep darkness. She smiled. He returned once more to his work, and, in the encouragement of that smile, worked on as before, still remembering, however, the words of the old man "Thou shalt meet me many times yet."

THE APRIL KING.

You must wake and call me early, call me early mother dear,

To-morrow'll be the saddest day of all the sad new year,
Of all the sad new year mother, the saddest, weariest day,
For I've been ploughed to-day mother, I've been ploughed to-day.

I sleep so sound all night mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loudly, when the day begins to break
For I must "plug" my verbs mother, those verbs that slip away,

Or I'll be ploughed to-morrow, as I've been ploughed to-day.

As I came up the aisle mother, whom think ye I should see,

But Frankie sitting by the desk, his hand upon his knee,
He gave me one sharp look mother, as much as if to say:
"I've got you ploughed to-day old boy, I've got you ploughed to-day."

He saw that I was fearful, for I was very white,
And I came up without a sound, as silently as night,
They say I'm empty-headed, but I care not what they say.
I'll poke out his eye to-morrow though I was ploughed to-day.

CONCLUSION.

So speak kind words to father and tell him not to fret,
There are many college bills to pay, *they'll* "keep him guessing" yet.

SCRAPS.

Gather we closer round the fire,
Watching the shadows play;
Night, with her silence, draweth nigher,
Bidding us hence away.
The tales are told and the songs are sung;
Swift fades the ruddy glow,
And now the last is on our tongue,
The fire dies. We must go.

* * * *

The damsel from France
With a coy little glance
Murmurs "Adieu, mes amis, adieu."
Senorita from Spain,
In sunshine or rain,
Always lisps "Adio" to you;
While Gretchen, the fair,
With her long braided hair
Says "Auf wiedersehen" with a sigh,
But the girl of our land
Sweetly gives you her hand
And bids you a simple "good-bye."

* * * *

"Vale, Vale In Eternum Vale
Spoken though not comprehended,
Voic'd on earth, yet heard on high
Though by it a heart be rended,
Yet we say, "good bye! good bye!"

ODE TO THE MOON.

Tell me wondrous moon, so hoary,
What is thy mysterious ball,
There suspended in white glory
'Gainst high Heaven's azure wall?

Changeless art thou in thy changing,
Pale and silent guest of night;
Art thou through the broad sky ranging
Seeking some lost Satellite?

Art thou Clotho spinning ever
Mankind's fate in threads of gold,
As upon the rippling river
Thy long strands in rays unfold?

Mute thou gazest—but thy power
E'en the mighty oceans know,
By thy influence through each hour
Their great tides both ebb and flow.

What deep sorrow art thou keeping,
That begetteth sorrow too?
For the night black-veiled is weeping
Sympathetic tears of dew.

And the little stars are grieving
At thy grave, sad face and wan,
Troubled, trembling, thee perceiving,
Cannot close their eyes till dawn.

I, too, cease my mirth and laughter,
As I watch thee onward climb;
Life's great ends my soul yearns after,
Yearns to reach thy heights sublime.

M. MARTIN.

PYRAMIDAL STRUCTURES AND MIGRATION.

Proof is patent that all races of men are sprung from one original pair, and indeed primitive civilization seems to have centred round one spot for many hundreds, it may be, thousands of years. But gradually, owing to the change of climate, overproduction of population and consequent limit of food supply, or prompted by a desire for change and adventure, early man commenced to wander over the earth.

Although many thousand years have elapsed since man began his migrations, yet in languages, customs and remains, he has left us the story of his wanderings on pages, bedimmed in some places, it is true, by the lapse of time, yet indisputably pointing to a common origin and a common centre of radiation.

Scattered over the earth we find evidences of man's handiwork in the shape of pyramids, cromlechs, dolmens, barrows, mounds and altars. In studying the shape of these we cannot help but notice the similarity in the essential points of their construction.

In the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris we have mere glimmerings of what once has been, and no doubt the explorations of the future will disclose undreamt-of wonders. In Egypt we have the pyramids, wondrous in conception, sublime in association, the work of a people long since passed away.

Coming further west, we find the cromlechs and barrows still retaining something of the pyramidal construction, the work of the ancient peoples of Britain.

Crossing the Atlantic Ocean we find in Central America, Yucatan and Mexico splendid examples of

pyramidal buildings ; and advancing northward we are met, in the great central plain of North America, with the mounds of the mound-builders, some of which are eight hundred feet square.

Besides these there are the central parts of Asia and the southern-central districts of Africa to be yet explored, and, without doubt, when these explorations are made, much additional light will be thrown upon the subject. We are even now told that there exist in Southern Africa remains of a people, the inhabitants of Ophir, the destination of the treasure-ships of Solomon.

Now, we have seen the widespreadness of these pyramidal structures, and the question naturally

either, after the confusion of language at Babel, or in the event of a gradual separation of the race, carried with them in their wanderings the remembrance of this great tower of Babel or some other such structure.

As they journeyed through new and strange lands they would build as time and conditions offered, and, according to their dim recollections of the original tower or pyramid, new pyramids after the original model.

According as they journeyed further afield, so would their buildings be more apt to become slightly different.

Of course some branch of the race, endowed with



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arises in our minds—whence came the original of these, and what do they teach us?

In the Bible we are told that the people who lived after the flood built a great tower for protection against the waters of another deluge. God, angered by their boldness and by their want of faith in the promise which He had made them by means of the rainbow, confused the common language, and this we are told brought about the separation of the races.

Men like Max Müller, the great philologist, do not take this story in its literal sense, for they say that language is not the result of such a sudden change, but is the result of gradual growth and development, and surely they have right on their side.

Now, we will suppose that these early peoples

higher intelligence than another, would remember this original better, and, having stronger executive and constructive abilities, would build more scientifically.

A different branch, on the other hand, less highly endowed and perhaps isolated by unknown distances from others, would build poorer structures.

But however different they may be, we may consider the pyramids and mounds which are found in so many parts of the world as silent witnesses of man's migrations, and, according as they are great and sublime, or weak and irregular in structure, so may we judge of the intelligence and environments of their builders.

W. S. J.

THE PARSON AND CLERK.

A DEVONSHIRE LEGEND.

In the glorious days that historians praise
Before the æsthetic became all the craze,
Long ere yellows and grays and odd Japanese trays
Flanked by mystic displays of stuffed peacocks and jays,
Or sunflowers, lilies and daffy-down-dillies,
Were sung in the newest poetical lays,
When in sooth the strappado or Turk bastinado
Would have tortured æsthetes who dared worship a dado
And gasp "quite too too" at tea-pots in blue,
Where sprawl inextricable creatures sans clue,
It was then, I repeat, lived my hero—a neat
Little Devonshire rectory his lone retreat.

Now I dote on a date since it foils the dire fate,
Which consigns to oblivion the deeds of the great;
But vain is all trouble although I've bent double,
By night and by day over books grave and gay,
Searched Polwhele and Prince, read Moore, Mrs. Bray,
Asked friends far and wide in hope of some guide
As to era and name—the knot Gordian defied
The fond wish of the muse to have it untied.
But for place, in an MS. 'tis writ that between
Dawlish bay and the mouth of the famed river Teign
Long ago could be seen in its acre of green
Our parson's abode, yet, alas, things terrene,
Whether mighty or mean, owned by delver or dean— [is—
Like the bard's gorgeous palaces—such old Time's malice
Leave behind not a rack to show where they've been!
And 'tis pity, 'tis true, but our parson was, well,
Several clerical gentlemen, for it befell
That at Wells he'd a stall, not to mention a pal—
try precentorship somewhere among the Erse Gaul,
Besides other sinecures by no means tiny cures
Of that inconvenience, a purse pinched and small;
So he set longing eyes on a neighbouring prize,
And hoped that straightway on his bishop's demise,
He would translated be to a comforting see
Which holds the rich west in its wide-stretching fee.

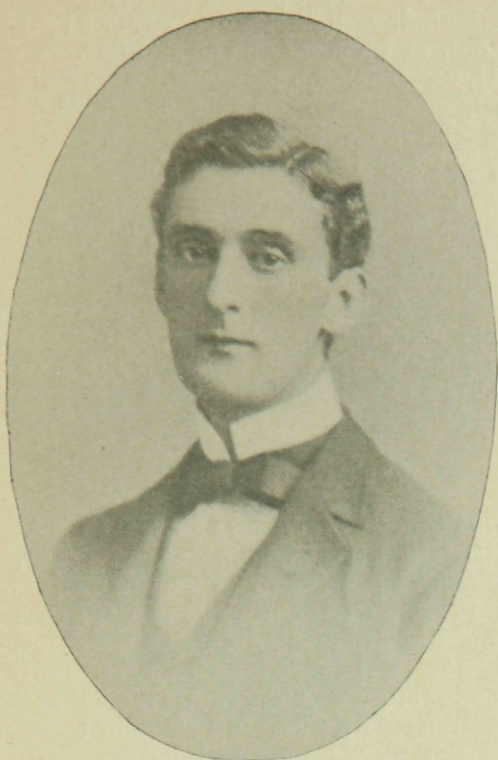
There's a very old saw which advises the law
Should be kept in one's hands lest an untimely flaw
Scatter hopes to the winds as if made of mere straw.
To his trusty old clerk one winter day dark
The parson in most anxious tones did remark:
"You know, Roger, I vex that the health of poor Ex-
eter so much affects his official connex-
ion with clergy and lay—and the more I perplex
Myself on my duty, I'm sure I shall miss it,
Unless I at once pay the prelate a visit."
Roger gave a broad grin like a gaping steel gin,
Which makes you from sympathy rub down your shin
To feel sure that as yet you possess a whole skin,
And exclaimed, like King Harry the Eighth in the play,
When with language sarcastic in Tudor tones drastic,
He staggers his flattering ecclesiastic,
And bids him to cease going on in that way—
"Hm! Ha! yes, of course, but that there's just too thin."
For 'twas old Roger's fashion to fearlessly dash on
To what his shrewd pate concluded the ration-
al cause of his master's uncommon vagaries,
As one who aware is that speech smooth and fair is
Almost second nature in high dignities;
On his side the rector would oft speed elect, or
To quote from his favourite Horatian line,
In medias res one should plunge, fog or fine;
And since he knew well that attempting to hector
His henchman would lose him a doughty protector—
A better lived not in the county of Devon—
He merely looked grave with his eyes turned to heaven.

When you've something in hand remember that *post
Equitē* sitteth black care—an uncanny ghost!
Then "on with the dance"—a Byronic quotation,
Which gives just a hint that your only salvation
Is to spurn all delay and with heart light and canty

Take warning from Hamlet, Sam Weller or Dante,
Who says if you'll turn O to Cant. Sext. *Inferno*,
Much brooding and dreaming consumes "*lo imprese*,"—
In sentence Hibernicé, "be not too aisy."
The adventurous pair agreed then and there
To mount in their saddles and straightway repair
To a quiet thoroughfare which ran nearly where
Coastguard-men are wont to watch *à solitaire*
Along the sea-coast from the *débouchure* fair
Of the waters of Exe to our clergyman's lair;
For said Roger "To me, 'tis plain A.B.C.,
I know every turn, every thicket and tree,
And I'll dare guarantee that I'll guide you in three
Hours or less to the head of the estuarie,
And you'll surely agree, good master, that we
Cannot go far wrong with the bays on our lee."
The parson jumped up, briskly cut a coupee
And in high jubilee exclaimed "Riddle-me-ree!
Haste, haste my good clerk without any more pother,
'Tis fit that by one sea I get to the tother.
Go saddle my hack and forget not to pack
In my old haversack a real stiffish smack
Of my very best *ac-quà vitæ*; a snack
Too of food, for by chance we might lose the right track;
My *malum sciaticum* needs strong *viaticum*;
You'll find in that pantry a venison patty *cum*
Quibusdam aliis lying quite handy,
Stow away every whit, but forget not the brandy."

O'er hill and o'er dale with hearts stout and hale,
They journeyed some three miles, when sudden a wail
Dull distant and heavy portended a gale;
And quicker than bard can describe how, the hail
Beat down like a flail and sheet-lightning pale
Played over the moor just where stands Princeton jail.
No knight in the quest of the lost Holy Grail
Was e'er worse beset with the cold and the wet,
Not even sir Lancelot,—who in the tale
Without rudder or sail or wherewith to bale
Drove day after day through billow and spray
In a truly chivalric Arthurian way,
Which makes all the others, Sir Bors, Percivale,
Appear by comparison fickle and frail,
No awkward *faux pas* which the ardent Tresah
Unwittingly made,—not the knight Hudibras—
('Tis allowed that the muse final *s* may excuse)
In the stocks, or with head broken in a fracas,
Not a pink in the region called *præcordiâ*
Or a facer which brings in speech Cockayne a "stah"
E'er presented a victim in more sorry plight
Than happened to our hero in eve's waning light.
The parson imbibed, now prayed and now jibed;
In Saxon terms coarse he cursed servant and horse,
For somehow one's mother tongue more glib can go
As Cedric once found—*vide* Scott's *Ivanhoe*—
Than scraps of book Latin though learned ever so;
And if master or maid condemn froward or staid
In a style that can hardly be called *comme il faut*,
'Twill be doubly emphatic if idiomatic
With a dash of what Cibber calls "trifles erratic."
These terrible words the current report is
In spite of his being in *articulo mortis*
And feeling what somebody names over-all-ish,
Fell from his white lips—"The short road to Dawlish
Along any path if it be only level,
I care not who guides whether angel or devil."

Just then a bright flash revealed the pale dash
Of the breakers beneath and close by on the heath
A queer looking figure; with chattering teeth
The parson gasped "Help! my old nag a deep pit is in,
Do lend me a hand like a good decent citizen;
Oh, answer inquiries and whatever hire is
Demanded by you 'twill be paid when 'tis due.
Should you ask e'en a pound of my flesh like the Jew."
The rustic addressed had quite rightly guessed
That a clerical party was very hard pressed,
And with audible chuckle cried "Ah! this 'ere luck'll
Meake up vor the zummer; I'm not vond of argen,



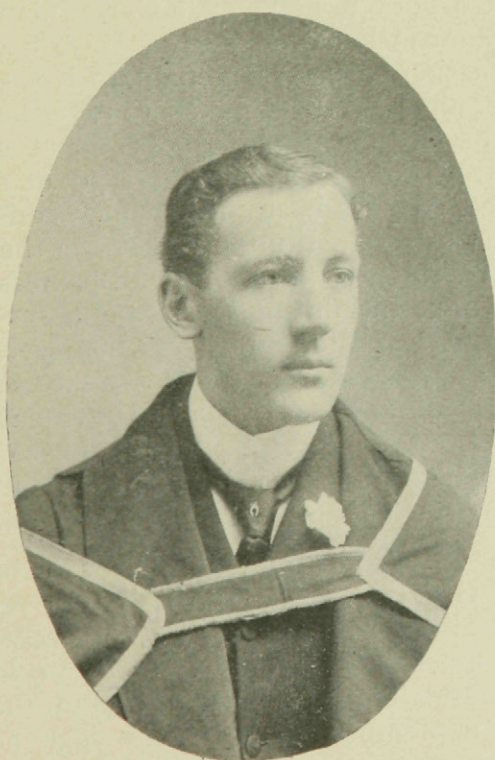
S. G. ARCHIBALD, B.A.,
Law.



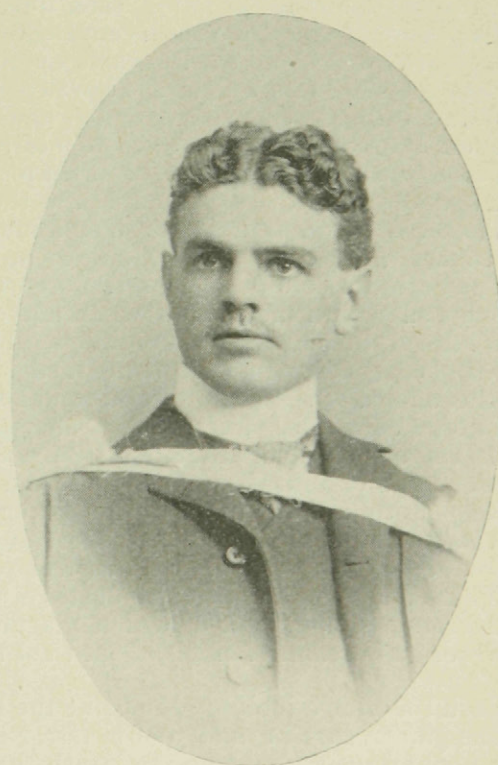
C. C. FERGUSON.
Arts.



MISS BELLA MARCUSE.
Donalda.



R. E. SECORD,
Medicine.



P. K. ROBERTSON,
Science.

VALEDICTORIANS - 1900.

I'll leave't to yer 'onour to zettle the bargin."

On floundered the trio *allegro con brio*,
 The tempest roared loud and still louder the sea O
 Till plunges and knocks against hard sandstone rocks
 Made the parson suspect he had caught a sly fox,
 For he noticed with wonder that lightning and thunder
 Which threatened to rive all the welkin asunder
 Ne'er startled the yokel who treated as joke all [all
 Their hair-breadth escapes and would now and then poke
 The naughtiest fun at the pale trembling clerk
 With a constant refrain "My eye, here's a lark!"
 "A lark!" said the cleric, now almost hysteric,
 And feeling odd cramps in the parts mesenteric,
 "Oh dear, my good man, I'll pay you forty pound
 To be set at the bishop's door quite safe and sound."
 Passing strange, where one moment ago was the shore
 With its slimy rocks hoar and monotonous roar
 They discerned a dim avenue lead to a door.

The chill evening breeze swept the avenue trees
 As the trio approached the old house by degrees,
 The parson in joy exclaimed "Nothing can please
 My soul and my body which seems as 'twould freeze
 So much as this beautiful,"—here a loud sneeze
 And a wild sudden burst of inhuman He, He's!
 The rustic was gone; "by the bones of St. John
 'Tis lucky if he come not back for his fees.
 What splendid wide gables—no grander in fables,
 High mossy and ivied—convenient stables,
 Hillo! why, a feast; see, Roger, the tables!"
 As Roger was lifting his hand up to tap
 With polite little rap the oak panel a dap—
 Per liveried page rushed out in a snap,
 And bowing low said "The bishop's nigh dead;
 Come in, you will see old friends here—*verbum sap*,
 The clergy are met for episcopal cheer"
Sotto voce, the parson "episcopal bier."

The gay Roman post assents the decanter,
 Can work wonders baffling the ablest enchanter,
 It might have been wine or a spell saturnine
 That seized on our parson's brain like a Levanter;
 But he looks round the hall and there to the wall
 Cling thousands of limpets; long slimy things crawl
 In and out 'twixt the shells, while from watery cells
 Wave the arms of octopus and Babbi-ombe squall.
 Quite ill and faint-hearted he sees friends departed
 Sit round the board grinning, each clad in his pall,
 Each ghostly shape too seems enveloped in blue
 As spirits who come back to earth ought to do.
 Here a bishop in lawn glares at oysters that yawn
 With a dull gurgling sound, as but newly withdrawn
 From beds where repose is; there 'neath cleric noses
 Plates patter with hoppings of shrimp and of prawn,
 Huge lobsters move slow and jerk as they go
 Their black eyes peduncular in an avuncular
 Manner that plainly says "Oh dear no!"
 The crabs, in colour, of course, more carbuncular,
 Snap, snap with their claws which makes the guests pause,
 While on the large dishes are flopping big fishes
 All glassily staring and working their jaws.
 At each end of the board circled round as they slid
 Two fat conger eels like a black saucepan lid;
 On the bishop's oak seat sits a stranger *tertium quid*,
 A compound of kraken, sea-serpent and squid,
 Keeping time to the motion in pulsating shuffle.
 And breathing a noise 'twixt a snort and a snuffle.
 Oh, dear, Oh, dear, shouldn't we feel queer
 Where for music to lull us and cates of Lucullus
 Horrors fishy bedabble us which Elagabalus
 Never had dreamt of nor blanched not from fear?

Hark! a faint bubbling sound like the flow of the tide
 The parson gazed round, and in terror espied
 A pool on the floor coming in 'neath the door,
 In a trice the ghosts vanish with ghoulish uproar,
 Into thin air they vanish ere you could count four.
 Roger shook in his shoes and exclaimed, "Oh, dear master,
 Let's get away quick; see the water comes faster;

The stables! our horses!" a weird peal of laughter
 Rang loud through the hall as it shook every rafter;
 The parson rushed out, at his heels the clerk after.
 'Twas in vain, for Hey presto! the lone rocky shore
 And the rustic stands chuckling as he'd done before,
 "Come, give me my vorty pound as 'twas agreed."
 The parson replied, "'Tis in vain that you plead
 For a hard bargain-driver, I haven't a stiver,
 And, if you get aught you're a clever contriver."

The sequel? Well, all that the legend doth tell
 In a word can be told; cast up by the swell
 Two horses lay dead on the beach, and quite near,
 Rising close to the land, imposing and sheer,
 Two newly-formed rocks of old sandstone dark
 Enclosing the souls of the parson and clerk.

MORAL.

Dont' spend your time brooding on dead persons' shoes.
 If there's much to be gained there is more you may lose,
 Remember there's chance on Fate's rocks you may slip
 To perdition, before the cup's brought to your lip;
 The proverb holds good for things that are lighter
 And easier won than a dead bishop's mitre.
 If into a scrape you should get as you roam,
 Don't promise your money with purse left at home;
 Don't bargain with strangers you meet on the way,
 Or else you may find there's the devil to pay.

BELGRAVE TITMARSH.

Montreal.

MCGILL BOYS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Alexander Stearns McCormick, is the only son of D. McCormick, Esq., Q.C., Montreal. He was born in Montreal in 1876, and received his early education at Lincoln College, Sorel, Eliock and Abingdon schools. After an illness, which for a time prevented his entering College, he came to McGill, where he was a member of Arts 1901. He is a member of the Montreal A. A. A., the C. W. A. and Mystic Lodge, A. O. U. W. In 1895 he joined the Cyclist Corps of the 3rd Battalion "Victoria Rifles of Canada." In the autumn of '95 he joined No. 4 Company. He was made a Lance Corporal in Feb., '97, a Corporal in March, '97, a Sergeant in Feb., '98, and in May, '99, received the commission of 2nd Lieutenant in No. 5 Company. This commission he resigned to take the rank of Sergeant of the Montreal quota for the Transvaal. Mr. McCormick has been very popular with his class-mates, and has been prominently connected with all the College institutions. During the session '98-'99 he represented Arts on the Business Board of the OUTLOOK, and during the present session he was appointed assistant business manager. He was also Arts representative on the Business Board of the "Annual," and filled these positions with marked ability and energy. Before leaving for the front he was presented by his fellow students in Arts with a "wrist watch" as a token of their esteem.

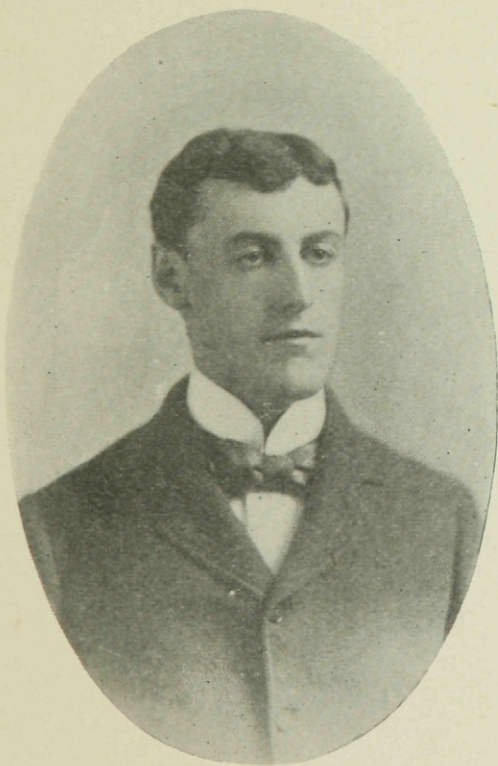
John Alexander Crozier, Med. '00, is a son of Rev. Mr. Crozier, Grand Valley, Ontario. After receiving his early training at the schools of his native town, he entered Queen's University, Kingston, in September, '93, graduating with B.A. degree in the spring of '97. In September of the same year he entered McGill, taking up Second Year work in the Faculty of Medicine. He goes to the Transvaal as Assistant Surgeon to Dr. Heenan, of "Strathcona's Own."



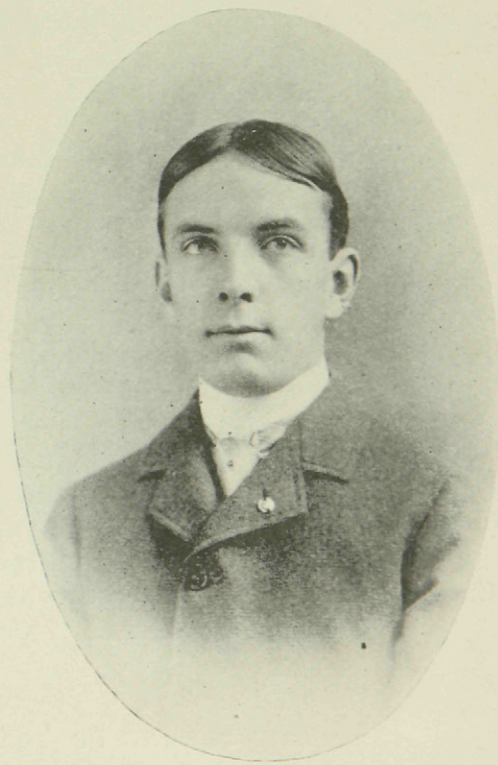
A. S. DONALDSON,
Medicine '00.



R. P. DOUCET, B.C.L.
Law.



J. A. CROZIER, B.A.,
Medicine '00.



A. S. McCORMICK,
Arts. '01.

McGILL BOYS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

A. S. Donaldson, Med. '00, is a native of Brockville, Ontario. He entered McGill in September, '96, with the Century Class. He goes to Africa in "Strathcona's Own," as Assistant Surgeon to Dr. Keenan.

Réné P. Doucet is a native of Montreal. He entered the Faculty of Law in Sept., '93, and graduated with degree of B. C. L. in the spring of '96. He has also taken Post Graduate work in connection with his law course.

ROUNDEL.

I think, somewhere within the golden west,
There lies a land all flower-strewn and fair,
By mellow floods of sunlight ever blest—
I think, somewhere.

Just through beyond the ruddy sunset flare,
By foot of foe or alien never prest,
Unvisited by grief, uncursed by care.

There no keen pain can rankle in the breast,
Nor any burden grow too great to bear,
Nor yet a heart can break, but all may rest—
I think, somewhere.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

Class Reports.

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Y. W. C. A.

The monthly missionary meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Wednesday, March 7th. The meeting was conducted by Miss Gairdner, who gave an inspiring account of the Student Volunteer Convention held in London. A most interesting paper on the life of Miss Eliza Agnew, missionary to Ceylon, was read by Miss Hadrill. Miss Garlick closed the meeting with prayer.

The last meeting of Y. W. C. A. for this session was held on Wednesday, March 14th; Miss Garlick conducted the meeting. Miss Ross, B.A., travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave an interesting and helpful address. Brief addresses were also given by Miss Garlick and Miss Dey.

Genuine sorrow is felt by all that the society is losing the help of those who during four years have devoted so much of their time and energy to its work.

1903.

Your scribe has with same difficulty resisted the temptation to write a farewell poem even in blank verse, and has heroically warded off the epidemic inclination to see visions and dream dreams. In plain prose then:—The youngest daughter of "Old McGill" has naturally spent most of the year in finding herself, and is now ready to go on and do great things. Due respect, sometimes conspicuous by its absence, will no doubt be ours in time, for Arts '03 "has a future front of it." With the hope that the valued classmate who has volunteered for the office of reporter next year, "because you don't have anything to do," will survive the strain, your present officer quite cheerfully lays down the mighty weapon.

ARTS.

THE PASSING OF 1900.

Your Reporter is about to hand in his checks. He has tried to keep up to the standard of his illustrious predecessors, Cookie, Chormackick and Napoleon,

and hopes that no one, whether in the year or out of it, has taken umbrage at his mild castigations. The job is a thankless one at best; he asks the fellows for items, and they yell, "soak some one;" and lo! when they are soaked they kick most convulsively, and with subdued imprecations; and the poor Reporter is pursued, fallen upon, and rent to pieces.

They say we will be filled with sadness and regrets after the close of our College career. *Absit omen!*—not much! we rather think that the day exams are over, we will rejoice with a most unholy joy, and imbibing corn-juice till we are dizzy.

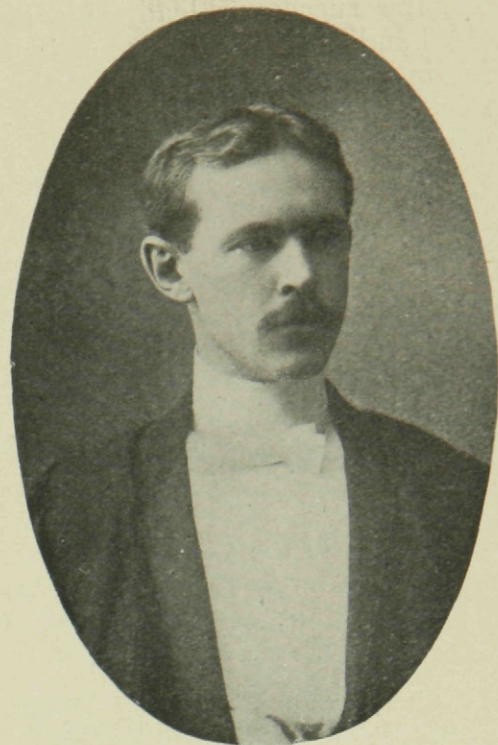
Four years ago we came up to McGill, "positively smelling of the nursery." We were very green, and all sorts of experiments were worked on us. The Sophs tried to "rush the Freshies;" but we stood into them bravely, and punched their heads off in sections. We were pitted against new professors, fresh from the precocious kids in England; but we broke 'em in, and they no longer ask for pocket knives, nor offer to return them after the school is out.

As Sophs we held our ground against all the other years combined, in the renowned "Battle of Goloshes," which ranks foremost among the decisive conflicts of history. It was during this year that we partook of McCormick's famous temperance bun-fight of fragrant memory, and, after moon shining till the whole neighbourhood was in a state of collapse, finished up by enquiring after the health of the whole McCormick family, root and branch. As for lectures, we will always look back with pleasure to Dr. Colby's course on European History in this year, and Mr. Lafleur's Psychology, which we shared with the hirsute mob from the schools of the prophets, and old Doozenberry—Lord High Mascot of the Herald Angels; poor old Doozenberry! he was last seen in the R. V. Hospital, where he wanted to kiss all the nurses before leaving for a better world; *requiescas in pace*, Doozenberry.

Let us now boast a little. We have more students taking Honour Courses than any previous Year, and two of them are working for Double Honours, while several are taking six year courses. We hold the Arts Hockey championship, thanks to our plucky team and Our George with the lint-thatched cocoanut, while for four years our Football fifteen,

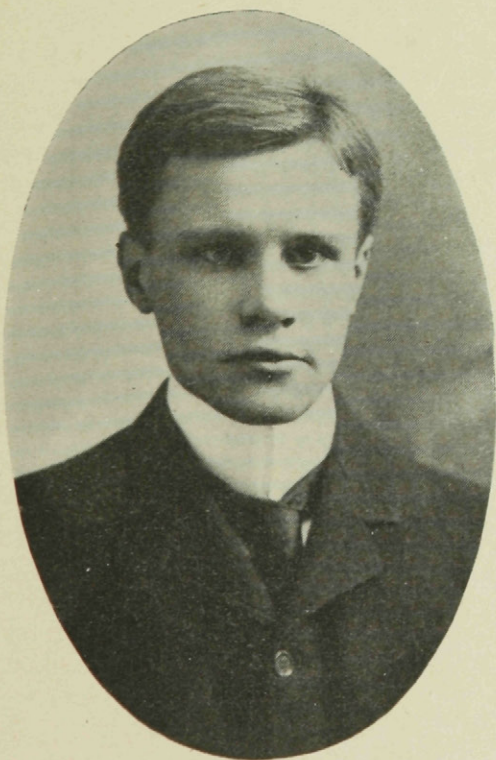


A. R. McMASTER, B.A.,
Law.



E. J. CARLYLE,
Arts.

McGILL DEBATERS—Winners of Intercollegiate Debate with Toronto University.



R. M. KENNY,
Capt. 1st XV.



C. G. McKINNON,
Capt. 2nd XV.

McGILL FOOTBALL CAPTAINS—1900.

under the successive leadership of Skinner, Shaw, Reford and McKinnon, have made mud-pie of everything in sight. Great are we at the war-cry, likewise ready and agile at the supper-table.

We are now only about half our original number. We have lost one, Herbert Cleghorn, by death; while others have dropped behind through illness. Goodhue, Shaw, Skinner, Baker, Mitchell, Dixon, Mathers, Ogden, Trenholme, Ness and Chamberlain are adorning other Faculties and Universities. The sportive Davies is a shining light in Philosophy at Lennoxville; McCormick is leaving for the Transvaal; and Condie (nos ancêtres l'épelaient Condé), he of the piercing eye and roseate face, is a wild and woolly missionary in the wild and woolly West.

And six weeks on the rest of us will be scattered over the face of the earth, never to meet again; but never will we forget our class-mates, our Faculty, or our Alma Mater; and should one of us dwelling in a far off land hear a distant hail:

"Hark! the Herald Angels thundered,
Arts! Arts! Nineteen Hundred!"

straightway forgetting wife, home and business, he will turn him about to welcome the long-lost comrade; and talking over old times they will make merry together, and raise the roof, yea even until the microscopic hours of the morning.

G. W. S.

1901.

It is with mingled surprise, gratification and sorrow that the Class learns that another of their number is about to depart for South Africa. Mr. McCormick expects to leave Friday, and his departure will certainly leave a decided gap in the class. It is hard on occasions of this kind to express our feelings without falling into common places but "Mac" may feel assured that of all his friends few are more sincere in their good wishes than are his class-mates of '01.

Again the session is drawing to a close, and again we are face to face with the inevitable exams, and again we apply to ourselves evil names which we would not tolerate from others and try to console ourselves by calling to mind the great men of history who were plucked at college; and each one of us tries to smooth his conscience over with the sneaking hope that perchance he is such an one, even if he is about to leave broad hoof-marks on the slimy shores of time to the effect that he has been plucked on the Third Year exams.

Hoof-marks which perhaps another
Finding "sups" a frequent bane
May inspect, then quietly smother,
All desire to pass again.

But whatever bad effects might result from any germinating genius in our midst thus playing Friday on the sand, there is no doubt but that it leaves a very bad impression, and every fellow should take hold now and uphold '01 as earnestly in the Molson Hall as in the past he has on the foot-ball field. It is not without regret that your scribe lays aside his pen, and his gratitude to the Year as a whole cannot

be lightly expressed. However scanty his reports may have been, however contemptible his frantic efforts to be funny, all have been endured with the utmost good nature, and the Year has let him scribble on unchecked—men who can do this are more than mortal—any body can laugh at a good joke—it takes a hero to enjoy a bad one. It is with real regret that the year contemplates the approaching departure of '00. During our three years together the very best of feeling has existed between us, and McGill will hardly seem McGill without our old-time rivals; many of us too will personally lose warm friends. The "Century class" will depart accompanied by the very best wishes of the class it leaves behind it—'01—the last of the old *régime*. It is the prayer of every one of us that in exchange for the good year we are going to lose the gods may send us a decent Freshmen year.

And so the third of our four years is drawing to a close—is almost over—one year from to-day we will be scattered forever—truly it is no hilarious thought; and even our breaking up this year has its element of sadness. Past experience has shown us that of the men who part in the spring some will not return—changes in the programme of life, the dreaded exams, or that sterner message which brooks of no delay, one—perhaps all—of these will be at work, and although we think we part but for a few months it may be forever. Each parting handshake may for ought we know be the last; some familiar face we may never see again. Yes—there is an element of gloom even in the parting of the Third Year.

The night is drawing on—the lamp is burning low—the year is near its close, and so, until we meet as seniors,

AU REVOIR.

1902.

"Blessed be the man who has found his work." Now, there are a few in our number who ask for no other blessedness. After the exams, some of the ex-Sophs will strike out for the Almighty Dollar while others labor for experience. Pr-yn will perfect his knowledge in Honor Theology as a lay preacher. Willie is the boy who never said a naughty thing, and sometimes does a good one. M-rphy has decided to work in a drug store where soda water is sold. It is a question whether the new clerk will drink more than he serves out. Uncle J-ck will take in all the country fairs with that racing horse of his. Cr-th-rs, our crack shot, is now in a seventh heaven; he knows how to make gunpowder. Chemistry will in future be his popular subject. He quite forgets the day when in his ire he spoke big words concerning a salt which he was testing. The salt was only water, but Cr-th-rs exclaimed: "Say! boys that can't be Montreal water, or I could have had a precipitate long ago." Up to the time of writing, no one can truthfully say whether C-rl-le intends to work or not. Some thing terrible might happen should he settle down. But happy is he who is born tired and clever. The Mathematical Twins have decided to add a few inches to their stature, and no doubt they have their work cut out.

1903.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." The examinations have cast their shadows over us all; but the anticipation is doubtless worse than the reality.

There remain but a few more weeks before vacation. The farm, the mountains and the sea-side will then receive their respective sojourners. The students of Arts '03 will spend their summer in divers ways. One has already turned lecturer; some will enter the office; others will take up mission work; and there are certain who will enter the field as travelling agents.

The "OUTLOOK" will appear no more in this session. To all readers we give a parting salute, and hope to meet them again in the fall.

MEDICINE.

1900.

The section of the class now attending the M. G. H. were honored by the presence of Dr. Leprong. Dr. Armstrong, before beginning the clinic, introduced him as the "oldest living graduate of the Medical Faculty, McGill." The old gentleman was seemingly well preserved, and had as Dr. Armstrong said retained his faculties to a marked degree, as he had diagnosed a case of acute appendicitis which he was about to operate on. We greeted the venerable and old gentleman in the usual style, and listened with respect and not a little surprise to him as he spoke. He told us how much we had to be thankful for in these advanced times, for at the time of his graduation, in 1843, there was no such a thing as chloroform, and jokingly said that the strongest student was not only the most popular but had the most work to do. He also reminded us how easy it was now-a-days to get material for the dissecting room, but did not go into details as to the means then employed to overcome this difficulty. No doubt they would come under the head of those mentioned on that article "Life of a Medical Student at beginning of the Century," published in a recent number of the OUTLOOK.

1901.

We all regret to hear of the prolonged illness of one of our number, Mr. McNeil. He has had a bad attack of typhoid fever, but is now rapidly improving. We sincerely hope Mac will soon be with us again.

Some men are constantly getting into trouble. There's our friend the Buck of Dukingham, or better known as Wellington Will, sticking his fingers into antiseptic solutions. This nearly took the breath away from one of the nurses.

We may speak of the Absent-minded Beggar, but we have lots of them right in our own college. For proof see below:

When you've sung your Alma Mater
And have shouted Old McGill,
And have driven everybody out of sight,
When you've commandered the play house and have disturbed the play,
And have given all the actresses a sight,

Then you Absent-minded Beggar—in your great big learned skull—

Just think that in a few weeks your exams.
Will be piling up before you like the Boers upon a hill,
And all you'll think of are those awful crams.

Day time, night time, any old time at all,
All you think of is, how you, they're going to jug,
And, while everybody is singing and jumping with delight,
Then all you have to do is plug, plug, plug.

When you've had your Night's procession
With flags and banners too,
And have along St. Catherine street so gay
And have asked in whispers deafening
What's the matter with Old McGill?
And have the people just what they had to say,
And when you've broken everything within reach of human sight,
And have shouted till your larynx is inflamed,
Just think that while your out at play
The Profs. are setting traps
That some day will so many of us slay.

Written ones, oral ones, practical ones too,
Any old sort of question, any old thing will do,
And just think that when the results are out, your name
has been outstruck,
Then all you have to swallow—pluck, pluck, pluck.

SCIENCE.

1900.

The session is now fast drawing to a close, and will be for most of us the termination of our College course.

In looking back over the four years so pleasantly spent at McGill, and making mental notes of the most pleasing and striking features of our College career, we cannot but fail to note with satisfaction the cordial relations and sympathy that have almost without exception continuously existed between the professors and ourselves.

The Year is not a hard one for a professor to get on with, though some of our lately acquired members have the habit of asking innumerable and sometimes ridiculous questions, which must sorely try the patience of the lecturer. We have not been "pluggers" as a whole, but have presented the peculiar state of affairs in which the clever men never worked and the stupid men would grind fairly hard; the result has been no keen competition, but general good feeling all around.

Fortunately the Year has not been troubled with the clique nuisance, but have always voted in an impartial manner as regards societies, etc.

If any one department held a monopoly of officers, it was, perhaps, the Mining Course, but, as it is composed of men of exceptional ability and good address, it may be almost considered justifiable.

The Year could not boast one active member of the Y. M. C. A., and yet we could not exactly be called a godless set of young men.

Temperance in its true sense—moderation—was practised by all the men, especially the Miners, and, whether the beverage was one the pop drinkers' heart revelled in, or whether something stronger, this idea was kept in view.

As regards the intellectual side, the papers read before the Applied Science Society have this year

been excellent, and have been well attended ; the Society, under the direction of some of the members of the Year, has never been in a more flourishing condition. The Mining Society has also had some remarkably good papers, the last one given by Mr. Blackmore being by far the best read before the Science Societies this year. In concluding, we desire to express to our professors the gratitude we feel for the kindly interest they have taken in our progress, and we would also thank the other College officials for their help extended at sundry times.

We "Electricals" of 1900 are so busy preparing for our fate in alternating currents that we can scarcely take time to write anything for the OUTLOOK, but as this is our last opportunity we feel we must say something. We might be brief and say *au-revoir*, but that seems too sad a word to use. Nor will we get sentimental and say how regretful we feel to be so near the end of our College course. That we regret this latter fact is true in a certain sense, but there is a feeling among us all, not even excepting Horatio, that if we survive the coming ordeal we will be truly thankful that our College course is over (at least those of us who pass).

Several of the Year have been experiencing some exciting times lately. Poor little Perg-u blew bl-zes out of everything in general, and the wattmeter in particular the other day, in the Dynamo Lab., and Hobby put a short circuit on a potentiometer and escaped with a smoky finger and a good scare, but little things like these do not worry the Electricals.

Once more we visit Notman's dressed in our best smile (as well as our Sunday clothes), and don that hood that we all hope to put over our shoulders on the 30th of April, while the photographer rubs his hands and exclaims, "Altogether, altogether, lovely!"

1902.

Probably those who have known the Faculty of Applied Science for some centuries back will remember the time when the Freshman Year was more successful than now in demonstrating its freshness, but certainly no ordinary person can. It seems as though the accumulated freshness of several generations had been packed in the Freshies of the present day. We hope, however, that the gentlemen who suffered from the rudeness of this infantile body will not think that they represent the College, but will remember that children will be childish.

At last the twentieth number of the OUTLOOK of this most eventful year has come, and now your scribe can lay aside his pen and rest from the weariness of spirit that comes of writing about nothing and trying to crack Scotchmen's jokes, those that no one can see through but the one that makes them. But before doing so I would like to thank the boys for the support which they have given to the OUTLOOK and its representative. I would also like to commend Kitty and Scotty and all the rest of the boys for the noble way in which they swallowed their medicine and took their rubs without a murmur. And I would like to urge upon the boys the necessity of

supporting the OUTLOOK next year even better than it has been done this year. The standard of the paper this year has been a very high one, thanks to our Editorial Board, and, if this high standard is to be maintained, we must give it our most active co-operation. There is no reason why we cannot have a paper of real merit if we only try. I would, therefore ask every member of our Year to support next year's OUTLOOK, not only by their subscriptions, but also with contributions.

1903.

Our first year as students of Old McGill has come to an end. When we meet next year we will, we fondly hope, be Sophomores. Seven short months ago our College career began, and our first step in College life has been an enjoyable one.

When first we entered the portals of the Engineering Building we hardly thought a time would come when we would look on them with a familiar eye and tramp around them as though they were ours. Yet we now do so, and the term has seemed all too short. True, we still have the exams staring us in the face, but when we entered the Faculty we expected to work. We have attended lectures and served our time in the shops, and now may the fates and the examiners deal with us kindly.

We had our own ideas of student life when we came, but the first was never realized. Where was the rush? We expected the Sophomores to initiate us. But we have yet to make the acquaintance of those worthy gentlemen in this manner. On account of the absence of the rush we became acquainted with each other but slowly. However, we organized in good time, and elected a board of officers who have looked after the interests of the year in good shape.

Science '03 has made a good showing in Athletics, and we claim one seventh of the honor of McGill's victories on the ice.

Our first resolution for next year is that we will improve our yell. And watch Science, with the aid of the Sophomores, win the Field Day Trophy.

LAW NOTES.

The Law men enter upon their "troublesome time" at the beginning of the month. None look forward to it; few feel equal to it, and the vast majority regard it with holy horror.

It must be said that the Faculty have done their best in arranging the exams for the convenience of the men. Exams cannot be escaped altogether, but they are a trifle easier when the students are considered as far as possible, as has always been done by our worthy Dean.

The Easter holidays don't mean much to us this year in the way of rejoicing. But oh my! won't the termination of Lent—and other things—be celebrated during the last week of April.

We regret to note the absence of Mr. Dobell from lectures through illness. He has had more than his share of it during the session.

Our Faculty has received much praise for its courage and coolness on a certain eventful night of last week. Our local historian writes of it.

The Faculty of Law showed itself armed and ready for the occasion with a bravery equal to that of the old sailor who attacked his rations three times a day with the utmost fury and determination. The weapons were of the most varied sort. Some looked rather more as if they would prove a vexation of the spirit and a trial to the flesh rather than a danger to any possible foe. Nevertheless our brave heroes covered themselves with glory. Colonel Mac--ist-r and Captain Mac--st-r stood up boldly in front of their well-disciplined troops, trying their best to look as if they knew what they meant to do. Private Th--mp--n showed the benefit of his training with the Vics by never once getting into line. Private D--k did his best to advance the comfort of the evening by a large and well-chosen assortment of sulphurous remarks, chiefly upon the wisdom of Private W--st--r.

The hero of the evening, however, was Private "Dobble." Private Dobble chose the task of keeping the officers up to the mark as his especial duty, and he labored hard at it. His great spirit could never condescend to remain quiescent in the ranks. He

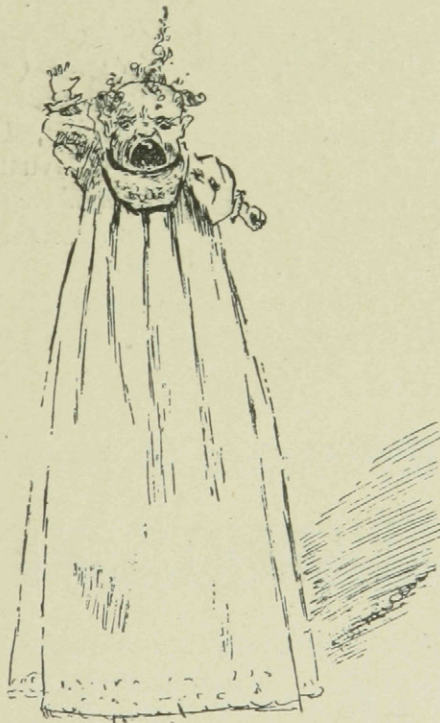
was to be seen all over the lot and several other places all at once.

So great was his energy that the guard house was several times suggested. As it could not be located, Private Dobble was allowed to go on his heroic way unhindered. Bugler B--ke's majestic form also loomed up large on the field of battle. Unfortunately his instruments were out of order, and the best he could do was to offer to walk around the square with any one who had a bottle in his pocket; nobody volunteered.

Private Pl--ce seemed to be busy deciding whether it would be best to hide behind a tree or behind some especially large man in case anything happened. At last accounts he was still wavering between the two. But the tale of the heroes who stood in the snow for three hours waiting for what never came is too long.

Suffice it to say, that standing bravely in the rear of the whole legal array, with a martial light in his eagle eye, stood Corporal Sh--w--d, a long cudgel in his manly hand. Under his piercing eye the rear ranks never failed to close in the straightest and best of lines. His name will go down to history as the man who guarded the rear at the leagues of "Old McGill" in the brave days of old.

MCGILL 1904.



M-C-G-I-L-L

What's the matter with old McGill?

Exchanges.

We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges, which have been received during the session:—

Pennsylvanian (Daily), Pennsylvania University, Philadelphia, Pa.

Californian (Daily), University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

Alumni Weekly, Yale University New Haven, Conn.

Stentor, (Weekly), Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.

Orient (Weekly), Bowdoin University, Brunswick, Me.

Ariel (Weekly), University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

Nebraskan-Hesperian (Weekly), Nebraska University, Lincoln, Neb.

Spectator (Weekly), Columbia University, New York.

Triangle (Weekly) New York University, New York.

Adelbert (Weekly), Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O.

Lantern (Weekly), Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

Student (Weekly), Edinburgh University, Edinburgh, Scotland.

University Magazine (Weekly), Glasgow University, Glasgow, Scotland.

Varsity (Weekly), Toronto University, Toronto, Ont.

College Topics (Weekly), Toronto, Ont.

Journal (Fortnightly), Queen's University, Kingston.

Vox Wesleyana (Monthly), Wesleyan Theological College, Winnipeg, Man.

Journal (Monthly), Manitoba College, Winnipeg, Man.

Argosy (Monthly), Mt. Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

University Monthly, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B.

Gazette (Monthly), Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S.

Record (Monthly), King's College, Windsor, N.S.

Athenaeum (Monthly), Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

Review (Monthly), Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

Ontario Normal College, (Monthly), Hamilton, Ont.

Review (Monthly), Ottawa University, Ottawa.

Record (Monthly), Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

Review (Monthly), Trinity University, Toronto.

McMaster University Monthly, Toronto.

Acta Victoriana (Monthly), Victoria University, Toronto.

Mitre (Monthly), University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.

Journal (Monthly), Presbyterian Theological College, Montreal.

Observer (Monthly), Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Clarion (Monthly), Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.

College Folio (Monthly), Allentown College for Women.

St. John's College Magazine (Monthly), Winnipeg, Man.

Owl (Monthly), Quebec High School.

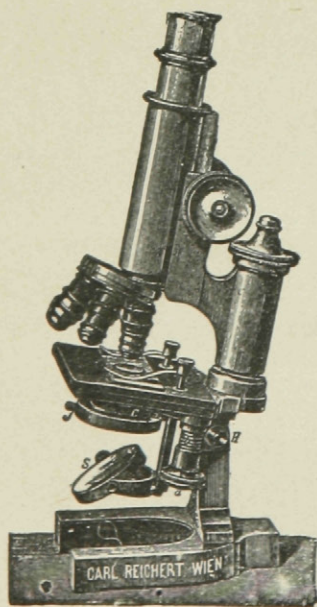
Record (Monthly), Sydney Academy, Cape Breton.

Wombat, Gordon Technical College, Geelong, Victoria, Australia.

Abingdonian, Abingdon School, Montreal.

Drocheda, Drocheda High School, Drocheda, Ireland.

Charleston College Magazine, Charleston, Carolina.



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RISEN FROM THE RANKS.

BALLAD OF THE LORD OF LYNN.

The Lord of Lynn required a bride,
And, feeling quite impartial,
He ordered that the girls of Lynn
Should in a green F. M.

Each tricky maid had donned her best
Of frippery and fal-lal;
Save one, whose rags looked strange where
Such fine clothes were Gen.

The Lord, he had philosophized
Among the truths eternal;
He knew that oft a shabby husk
Conceals the sweetest Col.

He mused before the ragged one:
"When she'll dress so, I wager,
Though she have minor reasons, yet
Her poverty's the Maj.

"Come, tell me, wench, the reason why
Such scarecrow duds you're wrapped in?
And eke why such a frouzy rag
Your bonny head is Capt."

Quoth she, "My late papa he lived
Beneath your castle's pennant—"
"Your late papa?" She said, "Alas,
He is your last Lieut.

"I'm Phoebe Sargent. Silvern words
(They say that speech is argent!)
From you decreed they should hang, draw,
And Q. M. S.

"And so pa died." "Oh, woe is me!"
The Lord of Lynn's tones are gentle
As a little lamb's—"Can you
Forgive me, Phoebe Sergt.?

"For I would wed you, beauteous one!
My quarterings you shall
Share with me; they're heraldic; your
Papa's were Corpl."

The Lord he wed the ragged girl,
So Fortune did contrive it;
The thoughts of t'other maids of Lynn
Could but be spoke in Priv.

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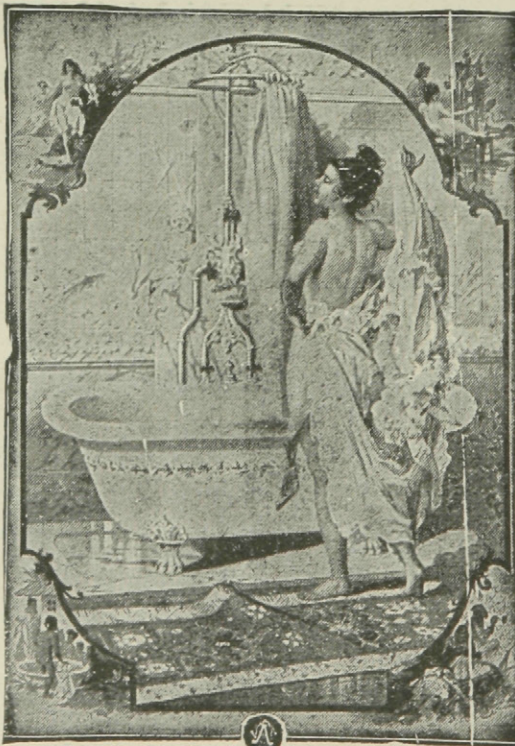
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Hickystein was green with envy at Jenkinstein's success, for he had not even manipulated a saltspoon. But an idea struck him.

"My frent," he said, "I will show you a conjuring trick." Taking up a spoon, he said, "You zee dees spoon? Vell, it ees gone," he cried, passing it up his sleeve, "You will find it in Jenkinstein's boot."

It was found.

She: "How is it you were not at the Jones's garden-party?"

He: "I stayed away on account of a personal matter."

"May I ask what it was?"

"Will you promise to keep it secret?"

"Yes."

"Well, they failed to send me an invitation."

Young Physician (diagnosing a case): "In the first place, sir, you must drink less coffee."

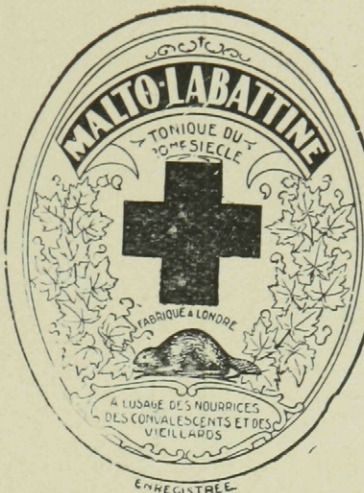
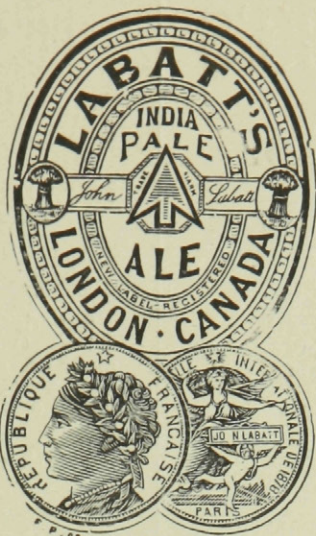
Patient: "I never drink any coffee at all, sir."

Young Physician (considerably annoyed): "Well, you ought to."

Insurance agent (to widow): "I will send you a cheque for the £1,000 insurance on your late husband."

Widow. "Ah, if my poor husband had only lived to see this day!"

It is a strange fact that when General French took command of the Cavalry Brigade of Buller's Army Corps in the autumn manoeuvres of 1893, his handling of the troops was characterized by experts as being more showy than useful. Moreover, it was considered that he would never make a successful cavalry leader, several authorities at the time considering that he ought not to have been gazetted to his present command. His achievements in the present campaign have shown how erroneous these opinions were.



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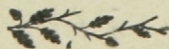
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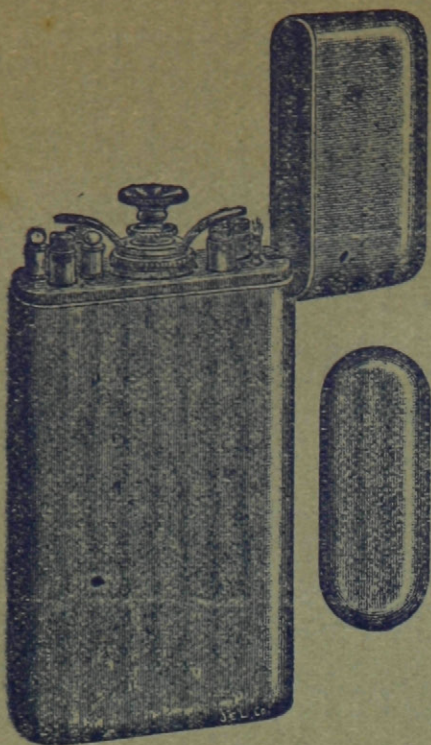
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